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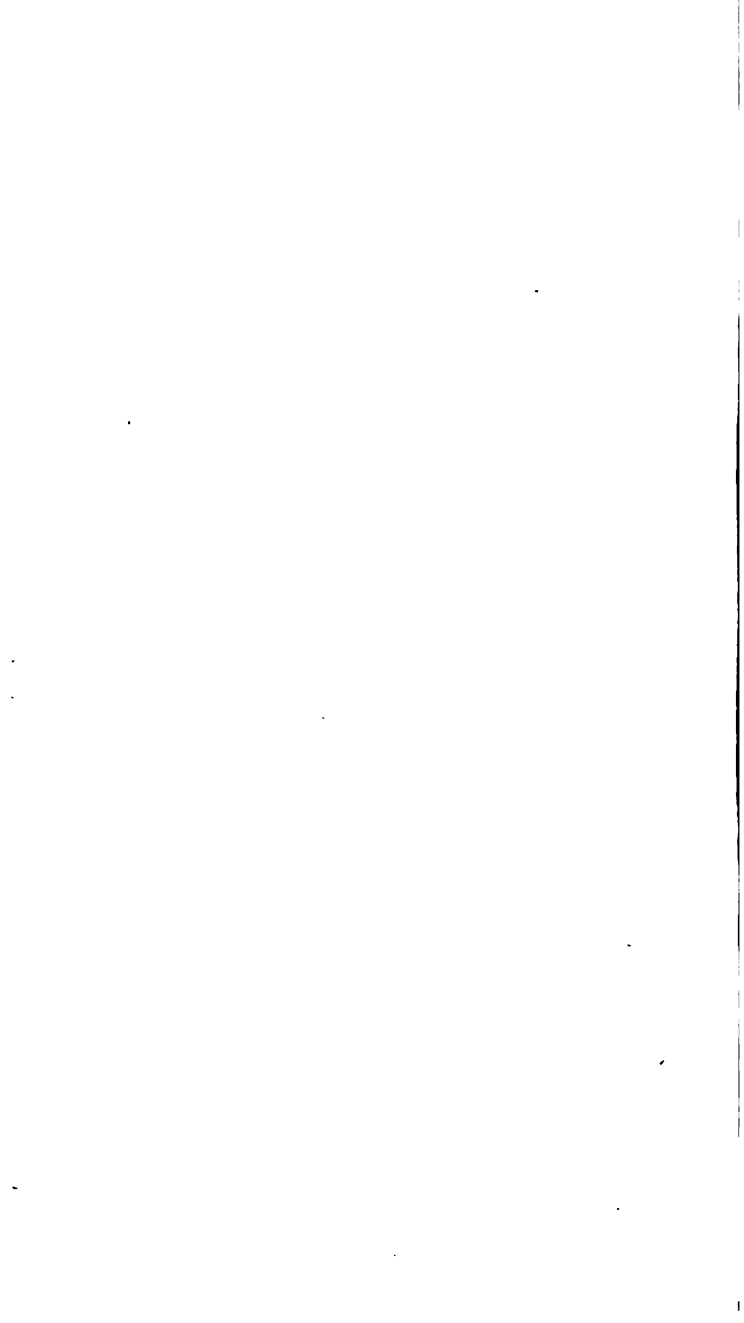
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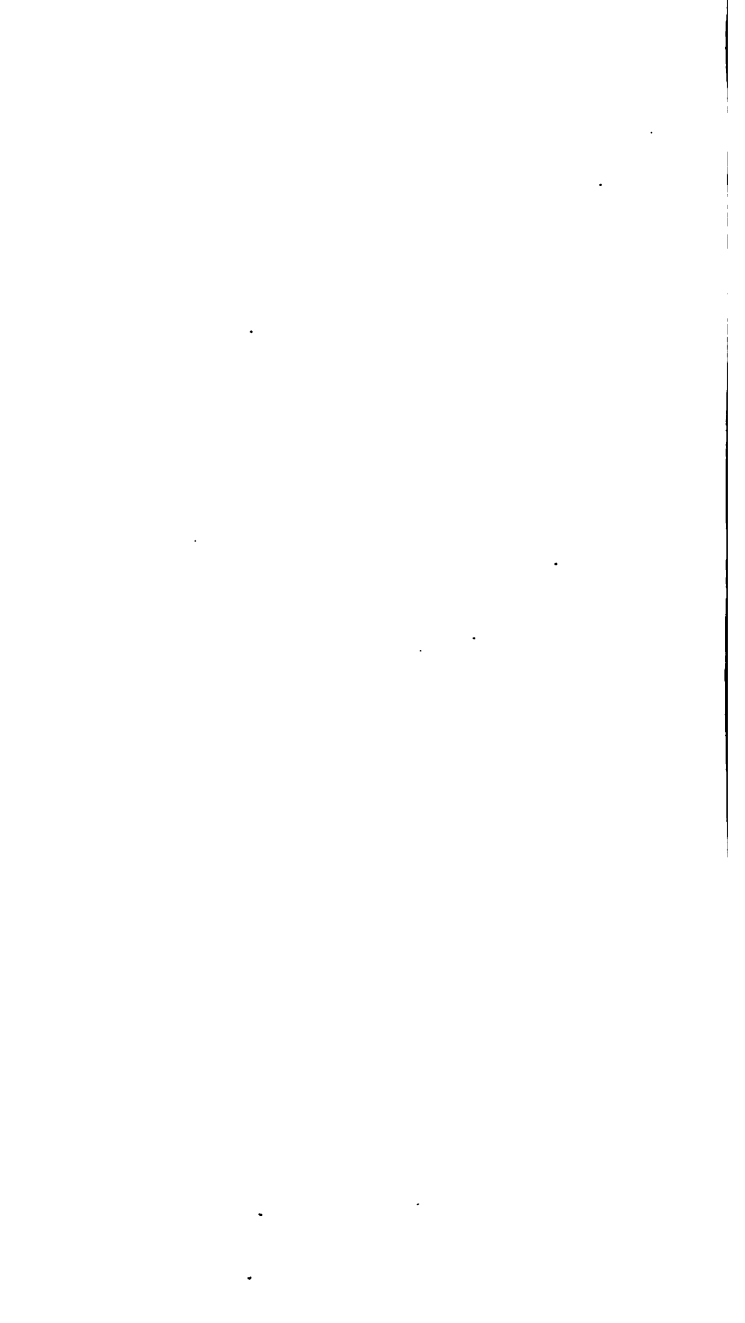
NO.

Mc Henry



THE
PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP,
A POEM.

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THE
PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP,
A POEM,

IN TWO PARTS;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED A FEW OTHER POEMS,
AND ORIGINAL MELODIES.

BY JAMES M'HENRY.

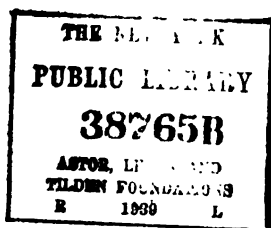
*From Friendship which outlives my former themes,
Glorious survivor of old Time and Death!
From Friendship, thus, that flower of heavenly seed,
The wise extract earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.—Young.*

PHILADELPHIA:

A. R. POOLE, NO. 66, CHESTNUT STREET.

1825.

ed



Western District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the fourteenth day of December, in the forty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1821, James M'Henry, of the said district, hath deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

The Pleasures of Friendship, a Poem, in two parts; to which are added, a few Original Irish Melodies. By James M'Henry.

From Friendship which outlives my former themes,

Glorious survivor of old Time and Death!

From Friendship, thus, that flower of heavenly seed,

The wise extract earth's most Hyblean bliss.

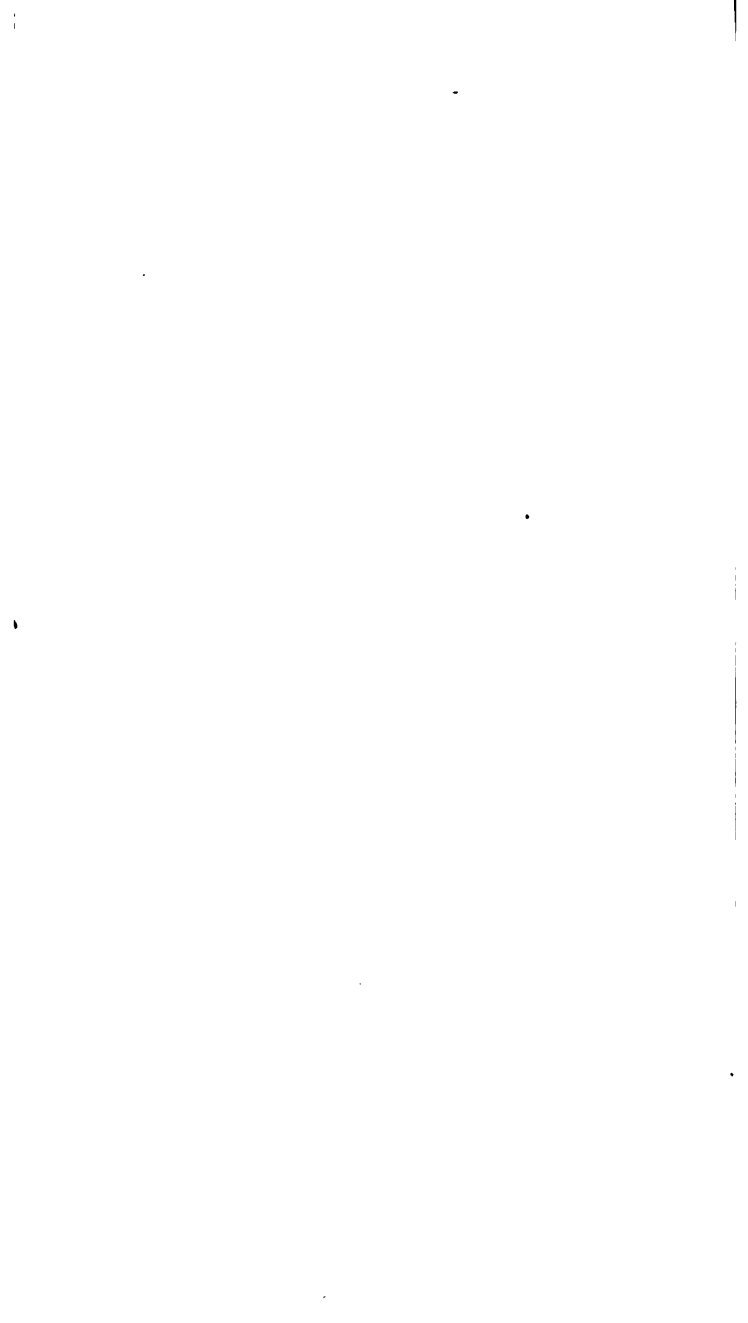
Superior wisdom crown'd with smiling joy.—*Young.*

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned;" and also to the Act, entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

R. J. WALKER, Clerk,
Western District of Pennsylvania.

THE
PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP.

PART I.



ANALYSIS OF PART I.

The first consideration of the Poem is, the merciful dispensation of the Deity, in endowing the human mind with those feelings which constitute Friendship, in order to furnish an emollient for every species of affliction.—A parallel is then drawn between the effects of the sun on the different seasons of the year, and those of Friendship on the corresponding periods of life.—The death of Abel, the first instance of any breach of Friendship among men, is alluded to, as introducing the curse pronounced at the fall, upon Adam and his posterity.—Friendship considered as one of the joys of heaven.—The earliest of the nobler feelings experienced in the days of childhood.—The pleasing effects of youthful Friendship when reflected on in old age.—The advantage of possessing a true and active friend, when overtaken by misfortune, illustrated in the episode of Montalbot and Connor.—The soothing effects of Friendship in sickness and exile.—Its influence in rendering us resigned to death, exemplified in the story of Jacob and Joseph.—The power of confidential friendship, in relieving the pain which arises from the concealment of passion, or the indulgence of remorse.—The happy effects of a friendly emulation in the acquirement of any science or profession.—Apostrophe to Emulation.—Improvement in the various branches of knowledge, and in the arts and professions cultivated by men, figuratively considered as the offspring of a union between Friendship and Emulation.—The pleasures of reflecting abroad upon our friends at home, instanced in the meditations of a sailor, when in the lonely situation of keeping watch by night.—The consolations of this passion to Negroes in a state of slavery.—The miserable condition of Christian slaves in the Barbary states.—Two instances given of the exertions of benevolence in their behalf; the first, that of Mr. Willshire in favour of Captain Riley and his fellow sufferers; the second, that of the British government, in the memorable expedition against Algiers, in the year 1816, commanded by lord Exmouth, which compelled the latter power to liberate, without ransom, all the Christian slaves in its possession, and to agree that all Christians captured in battle, should, for the future, be treated as the European nations treat their prisoners of war.



THE
PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP.

PART I.

ON human kind when pitying heav'n survey'd,
The iron hand of stern Affliction laid;
When toil and sorrow all their powers combin'd,
To crush the body, and o'erwhelm the mind;
From what blest source was then ordain'd to flow,
The soothing cordial of the deepest wo!
From thee, sweet FRIENDSHIP! from thy magic smile,
Then flow'd the power each sorrow to beguile;
The wounds of pain and fortune to repair,
And smooth the passage through a life of care!

'Tis yonder sun, when blooms the beauteous Spring,
That bids the vallies smile, the woodlands sing;
When summer scenes their splendid charms display,
He gives effulgence to the ardent day;

And he, when Autumn's mellow stores appear,
Affords the bounties of the ripen'd year;
From him proceeds, when wintry blasts alarm,
What power still aged nature has to charm!

Thus Friendship bids the days of childhood's smile,
With many a soften'd scene, and artless wile;
And when the warmth of youthful vigor glows,
Affection's sympathising throb bestows;
And yields each joy that in the bosom blooms,
When the ripe mind its mellow'd form assumes;
And in that season, when to hoary years,
No glowing scene of gay delight appears;
No charms are felt but what from Friendship flow,
The glorious sun of human life below!

Dire was the hour when shuddering nature saw,
The first sad breach e'er made in Friendship's law!
The world still smil'd, with boundless charms in store,
And man was blest, though Eden was no more!
For sweet affection led him on the way,
And cloth'd in beauty each succeeding day;
Till Abel's blood made heavenly vengeance glow,
And show'd that Friendship had on earth a foe!
Till then fell not the curse of guilt on man,
And first from Friendship's wounds, mortality began.

O! with what pangs the father of our race,
Bewail'd his own, and nature's dire disgrace!
"My son," he cried, "my righteous Abel bleeds,
"Slain by his sire's, and by his brother's deeds!"

" Ah! this is death! that death which heaven hath sworn,
" For my accurst transgression must be borne!
" On me alone should all the vengeance fall;
" But O! 'twill crush my children!—crush them all!"
He said, and sunk in agonizing grief,
The first of human sinners, not the chief!

Friendship! to thee, unsullied joys belong,
Joys that can bless ev'n heaven's immortal throng.
In those bright realms, so rich in every joy,
That Hope herself would but the bliss annoy,
(For Hope where'er she comes, however fair,
Still Fear, th' attendant of her path, is there)
Angelic hosts affection's raptures prove,
And holy anthems tell their mutual love!
Fair friendship binds the whole celestial frame,
For Love in heaven and Friendship are the same.

Stem of delight! endearing is thy power,
When vernal age first spreads its op'ning flower;
In that soft season, when to nature new,
Each passing scene delights the wond'ring view;
When young ideas fill the vacant mind,
With sweet surprise, and pleasure unconfin'd;
When restless thought to quick transition prone,
Impatient roams till every charm be known;
Thy smiles alone the truant can arrest,
And fix some young associate in the breast.

Yes, first of all the heav'n-descended train
Of man's superior joys, begins thy reign,

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Fair Friendship! sovereign of the soothing sway,
That charms our toils, and drives our cares away.
For long ere Love, with raptures ne'er express'd,
And blissful anguish, fires the throbbing breast;
Ere Fancy's pencil paints a scene more gay,
Than that experienc'd in the blest to-day;
Ere Hope's fond visions to the mind reveal
Those future raptures that it ne'er shall feel,
Like midnight meteors, with deceitful ray,
That promise morn, when morn is far away;
Ere mem'ry's wand, with backward touch benign,
Can make the past with lovelier lustre shine;
Ere Wisdom, like the polar star, can guide,
Towards the path where lasting joys abide;
Ere bright Religion, with persuasive voice,
Can make th' unfading bliss of heaven our choice;
Congenial Friendship brings the potent spell,
To bid the young affections softly swell,
The sweets of fond society impart,
Whose cordial balm exhilarates the heart!

And say, when age, with retrospective view,
Surveys the tender years when life was new,
When the young mind felt e'en this world could bless,
Nor wish'd a happier Eden to possess;
Of all the joys in mem'ry's magic store,
So oft with fond endearment counted o'er,
What can the heart to equal rapture warm,
With those to which affection gave the charm!
How warmly cherish'd, with a deep regret,
Our heart's first friend, whom we can ne'er forget!

Still lightly o'er the lawn we see him bound,
And with exulting bosom leap the mound—
We glow to think, when rural feats were done,
With him the applause, alternately, we won.
Though in the race victorious *he* was nam'd,
We justly still the prize of combat claim'd;
Still to a greater height *we* urg'd the ball,
Though *he* with surer aim could meet its fall.—
Oft down the glen together have we stray'd,
To watch our snares for fawns or foxes laid;
Oft spent whole days in consultation deep,
How most secure the linnet's nest to keep,
Or joy'd the woodland echoes to awake,
Or rous'd the victim plover from the brake,
Or mark'd the hawk, the pirate of the sky,
And let the leaden vengeance on him fly.—
Oft by the river's brink we took our stand,
And drew the agitated fry to land;
Or trimm'd our bounding skiff with easy sail,
And lightly scudded with a pleasant gale;
Or thence retiring to domestic bowers,
While young Imagination charm'd the hours,
Arabian genii all their terrors spread,
And wonder swell'd our bosoms while we read;
Or haply, with a nobler flame we glow,
Inspir'd to bold adventure by De Foe!
How brightly bloom'd the interesting isle,
And danger charmed us with attractive smile.

O! days belov'd, when innocence and joy,
The bosom fill'd, and fill'd without alloy!

No grief we mourn'd on stern misfortune built,
We knew no sorrow, for we knew no guilt.
O! recollection's sweetest, fairest charm,
That still has power each languid pulse to warm;
Without thy bright invigorating ray,
Life would be lassitude and dull decay.
When I forget thee, O, my earliest friend,
Joy shall be lost, and mem'ry at an end!
Though years of toil have numerous crept between
Those glowing days, and age's tasteless scene;
Though sever'd now by many a different clime,
Gay, fertile vale, and hoary mount sublime;
Though doom'd by fate, perhaps, to meet no more,
And live again our days of pleasure o'er;
Still, when my daily prayers to heaven ascend,
I beg for blessings on my earliest friend;
While mem'ry owns that Friendship's smile bestows
The brightest charm her magic mirror shows.

Angelic soother of the troubled breast!
Thy smiles can charm the fiercest grief to rest.
When struck to earth by stern misfortune's blow,
O'erwhelmed with anguish, penury and wo,
All comfort fled, e'en flatterers disappear;
Ah! then how sweet thy whisperings to our ear!
Thy gentle voice can bid our spirits rise,
And Hope's blest visions brighten in our eyes;
And like the beacon's light that gleams afar,
To midnight sailors as their guardian star,
Thy sympathising glance dispels our fears,
And safe to port our found'ring vessel steers.

To all the depths of misery consigned,
Wounded in body, agoniz'd in mind,
Montalbot lay, the victim of despair,
And wish'd the grave would give him refuge there.

On Liffey's bank, the rural mansion stood,
Fair was the vale, romantic was the wood;
Sublime the mountain, and the hand of taste,
With fairy loveliness the landscape grac'd.
Respected, affluent, blest with letter'd ease,
And cheerful mind that taught each toil to please,
A sweet and virtuous fair his wishes crown'd,
With mutual love in blissful union bound;
And in two lovely babes, his raptur'd heart
Enjoy'd a charm the world could ne'er impart;—
But, ah! too soon misfortune's tempest rose,
And bade the scene of short enjoyment close!
Rebellion's bloody standard rear'd his head,
And death and desolation round him spread.

Before the eve of that eventful day,
Whose dawn had found thee happy, fond, and gay,
Spouse of Montalbot! how thy bosom bled,
As ruin, death, and horror round thee spread!
In vain thy husband's high-born courage rose,
To check the wheeling tide of ruffian foes—
Vain were thy tears and loveliness to melt
Barbarian hearts that pity never felt.
The spreading flames of ruin rag'd around,
And devastation smok'd along the ground;

And, streaming by the faggot's blaze, is shown
That blood to thee far dearer than thy own!
With frantic speed thy close embrace repress'd
The life-stream issuing from thy husband's breast,
And with an agony of zeal to save,
Strain'd to thy bosom, held him from the grave!

But, ah! fond woman, what avails thy care,
Think'st thou thy barbarous foes e'er learn'd to spare!
Montalbot, know, it is their stern decree,
To-morrow dies upon the gallows-tree!
Wilt thou implore his life? Ah! will thy tears
Persuade the stubborn heart a savage bears!
Stern to their purpose, lo! thy foes remain,
And love, and grief, and beauty plead in vain!

Lo! where Montalbot, welt'ring in his gore,
Lies on a wretched hovel's swampy floor;
His bosom stung with horror, pain, and grief,
He longs for death to give his woes relief;
When Connor came, who had that day afar,
In other fields led forth the rebel war.
At his command, the captive was unbound,
His frame refresh'd, and sooth'd was every wound.
He then with sympathising voice began,
To speak of comfort to the wretched man:

“ Arise, Montalbot, let thy griefs be o'er,
No hostile hand shall dare to harm thee more;
What I command, my followers obey,
Appointed o'er their hardy ranks to sway—

Think not, because my hostile banners wave
Their emerald bloom proud England's pow'r to brave,
Nor think, because to patriot feelings true,
Bold insurrection's sword I strongly drew,
And fir'd with zeal my country's wrongs to right,
I lead her valiant natives to the fight,
That e'er those happier times I shall forget,
When first in scenes of youthful joy we met,
When in Eblana's academic shade,
Through fragrant bowers of classic lore we stray'd;
Or in those paths where science strews her fruit,
With glowing bosoms bent our fond pursuit,
And strove with all the energy of youth,
To shine in knowledge, manliness, and truth.
Oh! by those scenes we ne'er shall witness more,
By that perpetual friendship which we swore!
No party rage, no warmth of public strife,
Shall dare attack thy property or life.
Thy Connor's arm protection will afford,
And happiness to thee shall be restor'd.
Oh! if my friend our patriot cause would join,
What glory should be his, what pleasure mine!
But here no force thy sentiments shall move,
Be free to act as conscience may approve."

"My generous friend!" the rescu'd captive said,
"By warmth of heart to error's path betray'd,
Oh! that I could conviction's light bestow
On thee, to whom the boon of life I owe!
Oh! that I could from wisdom snatch a ray,
To lure thee from the dangers of thy way!—

But while with gratitude my bosom glows,
It is not mine thy errors to expose.—
Yet should misfortune's clouds around thee low'r,
May I be near to shield thee in that hour!
When vict'ry smiles on England's sacred cause,
And thou be yielded to offended laws,
On me, on me thy safety shall depend,
Our king shall know thou wert Montalbot's friend!"

Ere twice yon moon her fullness had attain'd,
At judgment's bar young Connor was arraign'd:
His crimes are prov'd; the awful hour is nigh,
Decreed by rigid law that he shall die.
That hour is come, tears moisten every face,
Death's slow procession moves with solemn pace;
The muff'd music stops its mournful sound,
And num'rous guards the fatal tree surround:—
When mark! yon horseman flashes o'er the plain,
Less swift the tempest hurries o'er the main;
The foaming steed now rushes through the crowd,
The agitated rider shouts aloud—
"A pardon to the pris'ner!—to my friend!"
At once the air a thousand voices rend—
Montalbot swift displays with joyful face,
The pleasing instrument of royal grace;
And breathless, hastes the captive to untie,
Falls on his neck, and sobs aloud for joy.

"I thank thee, heaven! the trying hour is o'er,
The storm is weather'd, may it rage no more!

Restor'd to life, oh! never let us part,
Of all my friends thou dearest to my heart!
Let us retire afar from party strife,
To the deep vale of sweet domestic life;
And while along the stream of time we glide,
Oh! may the chart of wisdom be our guide!
And while we glow with patriotic zeal,
As Erin's children should for Erin's weal,
May our example to her sons display,
The blessings to be found in virtue's way!
Oh! may we feel that as our years increase,
Our best ambition is the love of peace,
That patriotism when rightly understood,
Is that warm feeling for our neighbour's good,
Which like the fertilizing show'rs of Spring,
That bid the blooming vales with gladness ring,
With active influence prospers all around,
And is with blessings of the poor man crown'd;
And feels from Friendship's generous bosom rise,
The best and noblest joys the world supplies!"

From thy blest smile what soothing pow'r can flow,
Attendant angel on the couch of wo!
On yon poor wand'rer in a foreign land,
Lo! harsh disease has laid his torturing hand;
Each limb is rack'd with unremitting pain,
And quenchless fever fires his throbbing brain;
While on his wishes none are found to wait,
Save hireling strangers careless of his fate.
Should he, even he, while sinking in despair,
Remember home and all his friendships there,

The pleasing thought can calm the fever's rage,
Sweet hope inspire, and agony assuage.
But, oh! if fortune to his ear should send,
Th' endearing accents of a youthful friend,
The well-known voice would drive his cares away,
Bid pleasure's smile o'er all his features play,
Arrest the progress of destroying pain,
And snatch the victim back to life again!

Or if the winged soul be doom'd to fly
The troubled precincts of mortality;
While o'er her brittle tenement of clay,
She fondly lingers, anxious to delay;
For the dear objects of her hopes and fears,
The loves and friendships of her busy years,
She feels with magic force around her twin'd,
And sighs—compell'd to leave them all behind.
Oh! if some friend that gave her youth delight,
Should chance e'en now to bless her anxious sight,
Some friend, who absent long, and far remote,
Had ne'er by warm affection been forgot;
What pleasure to her parting flight is given!
Rejoic'd she quits the world and mounts to heaven!

Thus Israel, who with unavailing tears,
Had spent a length of melancholy years;
While Joseph's long-lost form his fancy drew,
Grief was the only luxury he knew!
Nought could the sorrows of his soul abate,
His child was gone, uncertain was his fate!

With hopes and fears in long continued strife,
The mournful patriarch clung to wretched life:
When heaven at length restor'd the darling boy,
And his heart flow'd with gratitude and joy;
“My God,” he cried, “now let thy will be done,
I die contented—I have seen my son!”

Ah! still when secret sorrows rend the heart,
When hidden passions sting with bitter smart,
Or sharp remorse for deeds or thoughts conceal'd,
Bids all the soul to inward torture yield,
The friendly bosom that can share our grief,
Is the best sanctuary to yield relief,
To quench the fiery aspect of despair,
And ease the lab'ring mind of half its care!

When the warm glow of love's delicious fires,
The ardent soul of melting youth inspires;
Ere yet he dares with trembling heart disclose,
To beauty's ear the fervour of his woes;
When to the covert of the woods he flies,
In nature's silent shades to vent his sighs;
Or on the brink of some lone stream reclin'd,
Breathes on the whisp'ring gale his bursting mind;
Or haply while around from every spray,
The woodland warblers pour th' enamour'd lay,
With kindred flame, he imitates the strain,
And woos the willing muse to sooth his pain;
Oh! then how sweet, if to some friendly ear,
Which with soft sympathy his tale will hear,

He can reveal the sorrows of his breast,
And lull with fond complaints his griefs to rest!

Or he who yielding in temptation's day,
Had in the paths of sinners gone astray,
Awakes at length, his guilty course restrains,
And the great conquest of his passions gains;
Should he, while time with constant step proceeds,
Still sicken at the mem'ry of his deeds,
Nor find in penitence a suasive balm,
The stormy feelings of his soul to calm,
Then let some friend, with potent aid, impart
The boon of comfort to his wounded heart,
And bring a draught divine from mercy's store,
To bid the stricken conscience grieve no more!

When youth engag'd in education's cares,
To act his part in future life prepares,
If manly wishes in his bosom swell,
In every bright attainment to excel,
He soon selects, to raise his flagging pow'rs,
Some fond companion of his studious hours,
Whose learning, genius, conduct he admires,
And warm for equal excellence aspires;
While noble pride and emulative zeal,
Bid his friend's mind a rival ardour feel;
And each a lov'd and bright example views,
That gilds the course his kindled soul pursues.
No jealous hatred in their bosoms burns,
They love, admire, and emulate by turns;

And when at last they try the stormy world,
The chart of knowledge to their eyes unfurl'd,
They heave a sigh of manly grief to part,
And bear through life the *friendship of the heart*.

Come, Emulation! on thy dazzling wing,
Thy fav'rite child, Improvement, with thee bring;
And while mankind her brilliant acts admire,
Do thou proclaim that Friendship is her sire.
Inspir'd by thee, with ardent mind he strove
To imitate thy deeds—and gain'd thy love!
Together join'd, ye dare the heaviest toil
Requir'd by Science on her sternest soil:
Whether with Newton to the heavens ye soar,
And ranging boundless nature o'er and o'er,
Detect the laws that own creative might,
That wing the comet for his airy flight,
That rule the expanse of planetary space,
And bind the circling orbits in their place!
Or thence descending, let the Swedish sage,
In fields of fragrant flowers your thoughts engage,
With pleasing care their characters are known,
And all their charms and virtues made your own!

Perhaps, attracted by the arts, ye stray
To Rosa's shades, or Titian's brighter ray;
And pause where'er the human face appears
Array'd in mimic smiles, or bath'd in tears;
O! seize the charms bright Fancy's colours give,
And bid the canvass, warm with nature, live!

Or seek yon ancient dome* whose roof beneath,
The marble seems in human form to breathe,
And there inspire a throb to genius true,
And bid your chissel be immortal too!

Lo! to your eyes the chemist's art unfolds
The wondrous secrets nature's bosom holds!
At your command expands her hidden store,
And treasures spring the world ne'er saw before!
Her laws, obedient to your potent skill,
Perform a new creation at your will;
While men admire, as your bright arts disclose
The mighty pow'r the arm of science knows!

Now, warm with partriotic fervour, try
To plead your country's cause with energy;
The public voice will hail your bright career,
And senates listen with delighted ear.
Or learn the arts triumphant fields have won,
And rival Europe's victor, Wellington!

Or for sublimer themes will ye prepare,
And make the immortal souls of men your care?
Your heaven-born eloquence shall strongly move
The wand'ring heart, and fix its views above;
On darkling spirits pour celestial day,
And warm the troubled soul with mercy's ray!
The sceptic's breast with christian zeal shall glow,
And stubborn bosoms sweet compassion know,

* Westminster Abbey.

As from your lips descends the god-like strain;
And Kirwin's mighty pow'r is felt again!

At silent midnight's meditative hour,
The watchful seaman feels thy cheering pow'r,
Inspiring Friendship! as he views from far,
Heaven's azure circle gemm'd with many a star—
Yon wand'ring orb, night's cold but lovely queen,
Illumes the sky, and gilds the wat'ry scene;
The stately vessel spreads the waving sail,
To catch each impulse of th' unsteady gale:
In thoughtful mood reclining o'er her side,
He views her progress through th' expanding tide,
And sighs to think, as o'er each wave she moves,
She bears him farther still from those he loves!

But yielding soon to Fancy's sweet command,
He visits once again his native land;
Again the haunts of youthful pleasure views,
Again the throb of past delight renews!
Again the fields of rural sports are seen,
The blooming meadows, and the smiling green,
The sacred walk to Friendship long consign'd,
The spot where love first fir'd his youthful mind!
Lo! now the sire, who taught his youth, appears,
And, hark! his mother's honour'd voice he hears!
The brothers, sisters, that his childhood blest,
Once more are welcom'd, and once more caress'd;
The female charmer of his soul, again
Is to his bosom clasp'd with raptur'd strain;

With warmth he pours the fullness of his heart,
Renews his vows, and pledges ne'er to part.
But oh! what holier feeling can allure,
Less warm, perhaps, than love, but, ah! more pure,
To seek the well-known cottage which contains
The friend long faithful to his joys and pains!
That fond embrace, how ardent and sincere!
Those looks, that voice of confidence, how dear!
Truth's purest throb within his bosom glows,
And the full measure of his feelings flows,
As all disclos'd to friendship's secret ear,
He tells each joy and grief, each hope and fear;
And thus unburden'd, feels prepar'd to try
Life's rugged road with greater buoyancy.

O! as along life's stormy vale I stray,
Be Friendship still companion of my way!
Then when temptation shall her arts prepare,
And spread her golden nets my feet to snare,
My watchful guide shall warn me of her toils,
And safe convey me from the syren's wiles.
Or should misfortune's harsher hand employ
Those darts that wound the soul, and peace destroy,
With loss of property, or health distress'd,
Or by the malice of mankind oppress'd,
To thy sweet pow'r, when whelming ills invade,
Oh! blissful Friendship! then I fly for aid;
For thou art true, though all the world deceive,
Still wise to counsel, ready to relieve,
Design'd by Heav'n, from whom thy virtues flow,
The chief ambassador of good below!

In those bright islands of the Western main,
Where Europe's sons, allur'd by thirst of gain,
With vent'rous spirit tempt the torrid sky,
Rise swift to fortune, sicken, faint, and die,
The Negro, see! by trade's unfeeling pow'r,
Torn from his home, and sweet paternal bow'r;
Where issuing oft he shone with manly grace,
And led his fellow negroes to the chace!
Or when, his country's battles to sustain,
His arm was wanted in the hostile plain,
He led her warlike tribes, a patriot band,
Engag'd her foes, and drove them from the land!

O! then what rapture blest his high career,
When burst the song of vict'ry on his ear!
When maidens prais'd the deeds his arm had done,
And crown'd him with the wreath his valour won?
Ah! little thought Laongo's chief that day,
That bound with chains, in regions far away,
Those buoyant limbs should e'er the scourge sustain,
Those sinewy arms increase a miser's gain!
That form, dispos'd in nature's hardest mood,
To range the forest, or to stem the flood;
That free-born mind of bold and generous frame,
That keenly felt ambition's noble flame,
Should toil to gratify a stranger's will,
Or bow'd to earth the trembling task fulfil!
Where yok'd with brutes he works the stubborn soil,
Or sick and fainting, respite begs from toil;
E'en there, in ling'ring misery's last excess,
Can Friendship come with sovereign pow'r to bless.—

For, lo! he marks among the afflicted train,
One fellow-suff'rer from Laongo's plain,
Whose tears with his in sympathy can flow,
Whose ear will listen to his plaint of wo,
Whose heart deplores the sorrows of his chief,
And while he shares them, longs to give relief!

In converse oft, when daily toil they end,
How cheering to the soul the hours they spend!
How oft they tell the ever-pleasing tale,
Of times long past in fair Laongo's vale!
The chase, the feast, the song are brought to mind,
The loves, the joys, and friendships left behind;
Mem'ry's sweet opiate soothes them to repose,
And into short oblivion lulls their woes.
Affection thus can soften every pain,
Grief rends the heart, which Friendship binds again.

So nature, when in wintry fetters bound,
The streams, the hills, and vallies frozen round,
Feels the warm influence of the Southern wind,
And heaven's meridian rays her chains unbind.
With sudden life, earth's op'ning charms appear,
And spring to hail the renovating year.
But, ah! short-liv'd the glories they assume,
The North again blows wild, and nips their bloom!
Again submitting to th' inclement sky,
They feel, they shrink, they shiver, and they die!

In fair Europa's civiliz'd domain,
Where learning, arts, and arms unrivall'd reign,

Is there no gen'rous pow'r for virtue strong—
O! if there is, why does it sleep so long?
When her lost sons in wretched thousands lie,
Beneath the murd'rous Moor's barbarity;
Or where fierce Lybians, with fanatic zeal,
Apply to christian nerves the torturing steel!
Hark! bound and buffeted, in yonder walls,
In vain yon helpless man for mercy calls;
He writhes in agony beneath the rod,
Still faithful to his country, and his God!
His heart may burst, his flesh consume away,
But virtue shall survive the bitter day!
The threats, the stripes, the tortures, he disdains,
Peace dwells within, for conscience still remains!
Lo! here, where every terror is array'd,
Where nature shrinks, and courage is dismay'd,
Blest Friendship comes, and on seraphic wing,
The unexpected ransom loves to bring,
With smiles to cheer the features of despair,
And ease the lacerated heart of care!

So Mercy's angel flew at Heaven's command,
To bring relief to Israel's suff'ring land—
He found her sunk in slavery's dark abyss,
And wav'd his wand her sorrows to dismiss.
Her fallen tribes felt courage at the sight,
And rose enthusiasts for their country's right!
Their bonds were burst, their tyrants overthrown,
And Gideon's fiery sword triumphant shone!

Long, hapless Riley! long thy bosom bled,
As faint and weary o'er the desert led,
The savage Arabs urg'd thy painful way,
And mock'd thy feeble frame that begg'd delay.
How flow'd thy anguish at th' appalling view,
As famine daily thinn'd thy wretched crew!
How oft for death thy harrass'd bosom pray'd,
As to the dust thy sinking soul was weigh'd!
Till to a Briton's ear thy sorrows came,
And on his heart impress'd a brother's claim.—
What blissful throbs thy grateful bosom knew,
When to thy aid on pity's wings he flew,
And bade, with gen'rous warmth, thy suff'rings end,
And hail'd thee as a freeman, and a friend!

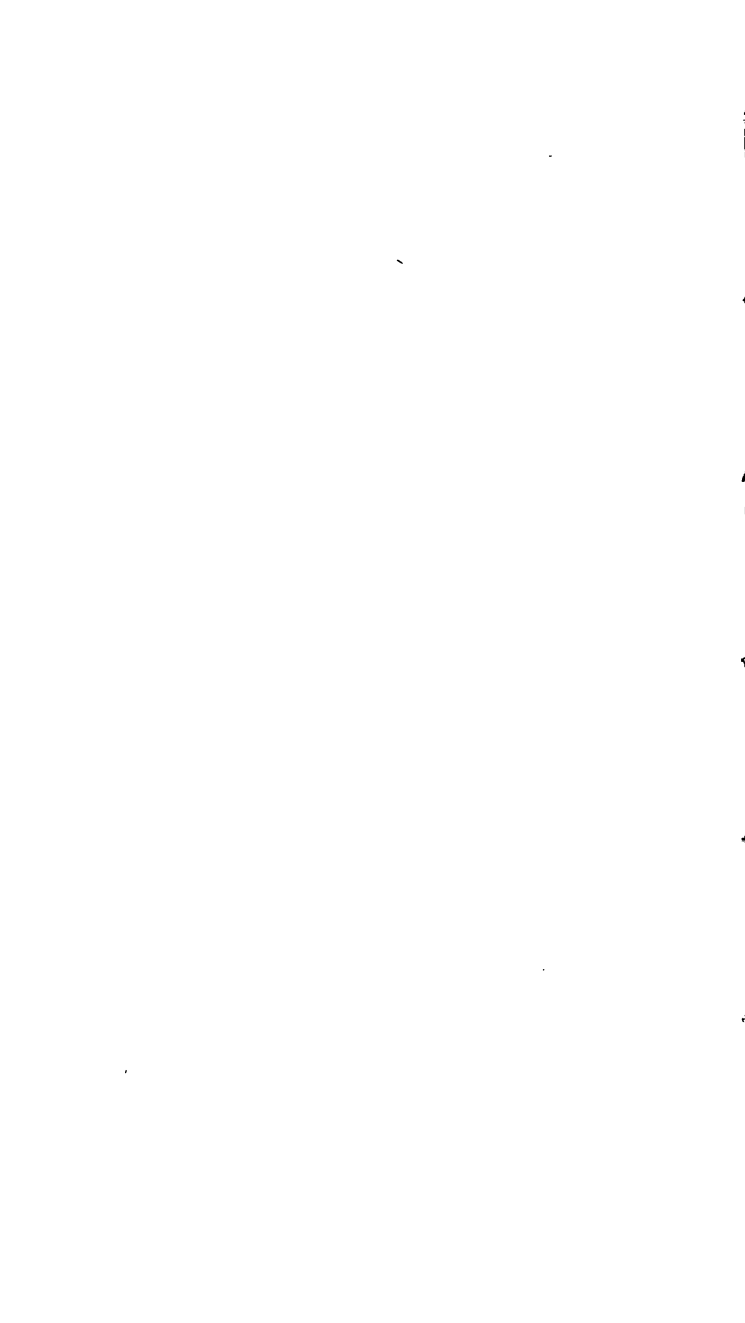
Yes, Britain's star shall shine with glorious ray,
As when avenging Bona's bloody day;
When Algiers saw destruction's arm reveal'd,
And her proud battlements constrain'd to yield;
When solemn pledge her trembling rulers gave,
Her soil no more should hold a christian slave;
When issuing forth from many a loathsome cell,
Her famish'd captives bade their chains farewell,
And turning from their tyrants, proud no more,
Hail'd their deliv'ers from Britannia's shore,
Whose mighty pow'r had broke the oppressor's chain,
And freedom, life, and joy restor'd again!
O! with what joy Pellew's brave bosom beat!
What thrilling transport ran through all his fleet!
As from their decks the gallant victors see,
The tyrants humbled, and the captives free!

Of either sex, from every Christian land,
What grateful thousands crowd along the strand,
Who soon on board are welcomed and caress'd
And many a Briton strains a Briton's breast!

Thus ardent glows the grateful virgin's mind,
When on her brave deliv'rer's neck reclined,
She thanks that courage which had dar'd the wave,
And boldly snatch'd her from a wat'ry grave.
Thus thrills with ecstasy the raptur'd swain,
As the sweet form he rescued from the main,
Is closely to his gallant bosom prest,
And warm approving conscience makes him blest!

May Britain's cross, the world's transcendant star,
Still in the cause of mercy shine afar!
Still bid mankind their fearless tenor keep,
On the broad land, or on the boundless deep,
And cleanse each stain her own bright lustre knows,
India's deep wrongs, and Afric's bitter woes!
And tell the lawless plund'ers of mankind,
"Here end your course, and thither be confin'd!"

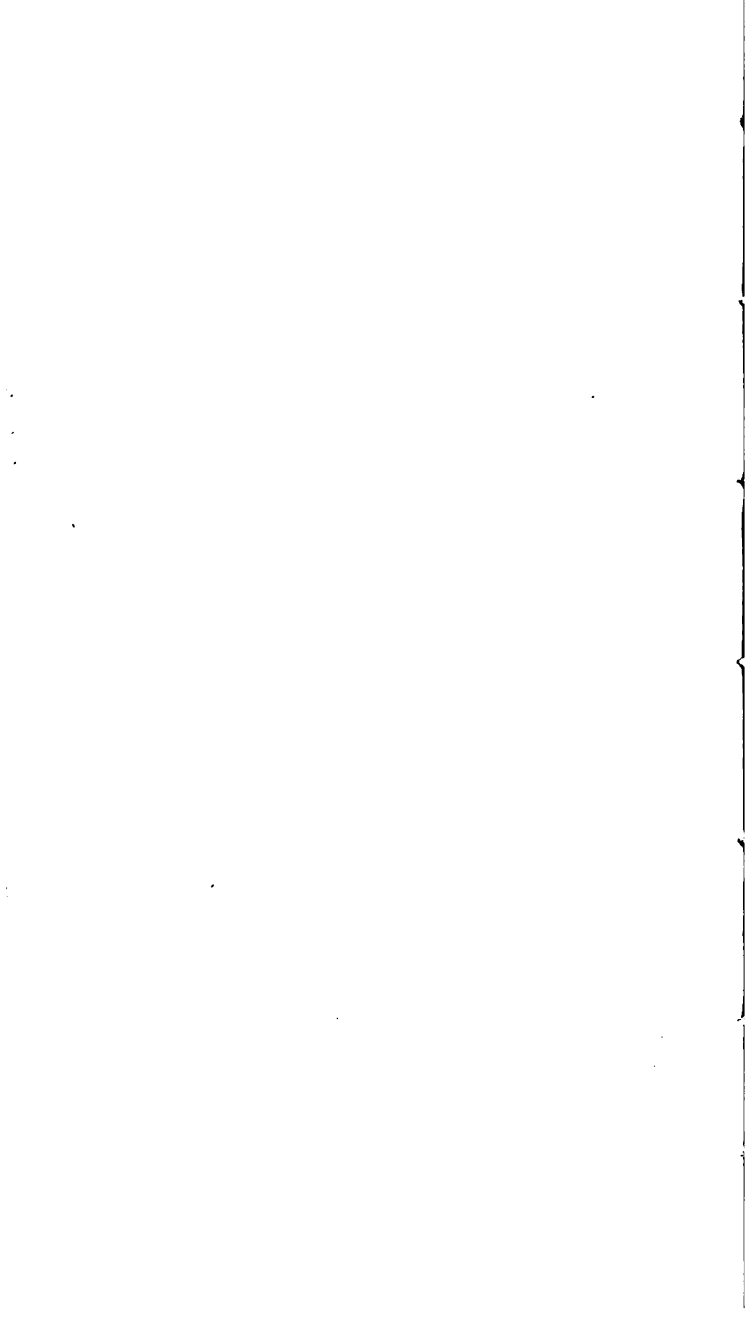
END OF PART FIRST.



THE
PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP.
PART II.

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

The assertion so frequently made by cold-hearted reasoners, that human nature is incapable of true Friendship, refuted.—Howard's philanthropy.—Apostrophe to Charity.—The painful disappointments often experienced from having placed confidence in false friends, no proof against the existence of true Friendship.—Examples of the latter.—Portrait of a benevolent clergyman, deceased, who was one of the author's earliest friends, and his instructor in the ancient languages.—Jonathan and David.—Abraham's rescue of Lot.—Scipio's affection for Lælius.—The unhappiness of the marriage state when the union of the parties is not cemented by Friendship.—Its happiness when it is so cemented.—The pleasures and benefits arising from this passion in retirement, especially when accompanied with a taste for literature.—In such a state of retirement, benevolent minds are apt to form projects of improvement without sufficiently estimating the obstacles that lie in the way of their accomplishment, when they are often saved from rash undertakings by yielding to the advice of an intelligent friend.—Some subjects of literary recreation in which retired friends are apt to indulge.—Poetry.—History.—Religion.—The powerful effects of confidential intercourse with an intelligent friend in relieving the terrors which arise in the minds of some men concerning their future happiness, instanced in the advantage which the poet Cowper derived from his intimacy with the Rev. Mr. Unwin.—The work of man's redemption is introduced, it being the most extensive and sublime instance of Friendship ever exhibited.—The poem concludes by taking notice of that delightful Friendship which will forever exist among the blest in heaven.



THE

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PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP.

PART II.

HARK! with a sneer, yon misanthrope exclaim
All men are false, and Friendship but a name!
That wisdom teaches with distrust to view
The world's regards as treach'rous and untrue;
That acts of Friendship but in self commence,
That sordid motives prompt benevolence!
That tender pity, and those feelings strong,
Which rouse the patriot's arm, the poet's song;
That gen'rous love which, in the tender page,
Enchants the mind at youth's unthinking age;
All these, when truth shall scrutinize severe,
Shall in their naked hues of self appear,
Invented merely in pedantic schools,
To draw the minds of children and of fools!

O! ye to nature's purest joys unknown,
Can ye presume to judge, with hearts of stone,
The throbs that actuate an immortal soul,
O'er which eternal wisdom has control!
Think ye the stature of each heaven-born mind,
To the mean measure of your own confin'd!
As well the sluggish owl that courts the night,
Might check the eagle in his sun-ward flight,
And think, because to him it is not given,
No nobler bird can face the light of heaven!

O! cease, ye vile injurious sland'ers, cease!
Nor boast your torpid feelings lull'd to peace!
We envy not your clay-cold hearts that know
No joy in rescuing other hearts from wo;
We envy not the indurated tone
Of feelings touch'd but for yourselves alone.—
In vain to you, from nature's bounteous hand,
Your fellow men are blest in every land:
Not e'en the joys your kindest brethren know,
Can bid your dull sensations warmly glow.—
Lost to delight of every gen'rous kind,
The glowing fancy and enraptur'd mind,
Th' ecstatic throb that ardent bosoms warms,
When lovers rush into each other's arms,
Or pledging oft their tender vows anew,
In melting sorrow bid a long adieu!

O! lives there, heaven! of human form possess'd,
Who doubts the purity of HOWARD'S breast

Or who contemns with hateful, impious thought,
The man, who deeds befitting angels, wrought!
His home, his ease, his pleasure, he forsakes,
Around the world th' unwearied journey takes,
While heaven's own ardours in his bosom glow,
To blunt misfortune's poignancy below.

Lo! where in poverty's neglected cell,
Pain, want, and modesty are forc'd to dwell;
Where pride disdains to stoop, and wealth goes by,
With mutter'd insults, or averted eye!
Unhop'd-for aid his willing hand bestows,
And health and comfort reinstate repose.

Behold in prison walls where guilt is laid,
Where all the forms of misery invade,
Where wretched felons breathe infectious air,
And victims of oppression find despair!
Harsh sounds the clanking of the murd'rer's chain,
With groans, and loathsome jests, and oaths profane!
There see the messenger of comfort come,
Despair is hush'd and blasphemy is dumb!
Health takes the place of feebleness and pain,
And anarchy submits to order's reign!
Repentant scoffers now no more are rude,
And harden'd sinners glow with gratitude!

Illustrious pattern for the friends of man!
Whose stream of life in heav'nly currents ran;
Long shall thy name by nations be rever'd,
To every feeling, virtuous heart endear'd!

When kings and conqu'rors to the dust consign'd,
Shall be forgot, or hated by mankind,
Thy mem'ry still, as age to age succeeds,
Shall rouse admiring men to virtuous deeds;
And, grav'd on every noble heart, thy name
Shall still be dear to charity and fame!
Whence men shall learn the holiest acts below,
To seek the wretched and relieve their wo!

O! Charity, thou lovely, soft-ey'd maid,
Who shun'st the haunts of riot and parade;
Oppos'd to fashion, luxury, and pride,
Thou cling'st to merit's unobtrusive side!
Delighted with the honest mind to stray,
Afar from dissipation's noisy way,
Afar from where the mercenary train
Of av'rice toil, their venal ends to gain;
Deep in the covert of the silent shade,
Thou find'st th' unhappy, and thou giv'st them aid!
O! fairest offspring of indulgent heaven,
To wretched sons of men in mercy given!
From thee what inexhausted blessings flow,
To equalize the wrongs of fate below!
The social throb, the tender-streaming eye,
The cheering voice, the heart-expressing sigh,
The open hand the needy to relieve,
And the kind heart the erring to forgive:
O! never leave the world while it contains
One breast that sorrows, or one deed that pains!
One anguish'd breast, by harsh oppression torn,
Or griev'd by hate or taught by love to mourn.

Be still our guide to happier realms afar,
Our daily pillar, and our nightly star!
O! melt the flinty hearts of wealth and pride,
Teach them the tender joys by thee supplied;
Teach them those hostile passions to control,
That shut the heart, and brutalize the soul;
Close those foul deeds that sordid self began,
And make repentant man, the friend of man!

True; oft the honest mind has tried in vain,
One genuine friend among mankind to gain;
Full oft the false profession has believ'd,
And still when most assur'd was most deceiv'd!
Has felt affection with neglect repaid,
Has felt the bitter pang of faith betray'd,
The sland'rous tongue, the harsh insulting mood,
Th' unfounded charge, the base ingratitude!

Nay, there are men, most curst of all below,
Who but assume the friend to act the foe;
Who, like the viper lurking in the breast,
Ensnare our peace, then stab, and stand confest!
From such may guardian spirits keep me free,
The hell-born sons of foul hyprocrisy!
Of all the evils that on life attend,
The most heart-rending is a treach'rous friend.—
For O! a friend whose heart is true and warm,
Life's purest blessing, and its dearest charm,
Proportion'd to the joy from him we gain,
Harsh disappointment brings a weight of pain!

But, ah! profane not Friendship's sacred name,
Call these not friends—of spurious brood they came—
Like the night-meteor of the swampy way,
That lures the wand'rer with deceitful ray.
To his fond wish some cottage-light it seems,
And warm with hope he follows where it gleams;
But sinks at once, deserted in the gloom
Of some o'erwhelming marsh, to meet his doom.
So baleful Flattery—such is human fate—
May, cloth'd in Friendship's garb, usurp his seat,
And his deceitful front in smiles array,
Till some unguarded victim fall his prey!

But how unwise, ye who from this suppose,
That in the human breast no friendship glows!
As well, false reasoners! might ye contest,
That genuine love ne'er warm'd the virgin breast,
Because a heartless race, with selfish view,
Have boasted transports which they never knew!
As well suppose no piety on earth,
Because the world has given an atheist birth!
Or that no age can faithfulness afford,
Because a Judas once betray'd his Lord!

Yes, there are men, benevolence may trust,
Whose hearts are faithful, and whose aims are just,
Whose liberal minds extend to all the race,
Whose acts redeem the species from disgrace;
And who enamour'd of fair virtue's charms,
With warm affection spread their ardent arms,

To all whose bosoms can with their's combine,
In generous acts, and charity divine!

Such was that holy man when here below,
Who taught my heart the charms of lore to know,
Taught me to feel the pleasures of the soul,
And bade my firstling thoughts in numbers roll.
Oft as I would, in short excursions, try
On half-fledg'd wings through Fancy's realms to fly,
My feeble flights he kindly lov'd to aid,
When falling, rais'd, restor'd me when I stray'd.—
Blest shade! now thron'd amidst the choirs above,
If still thy once lov'd pupil shares thy love,
Transmit a portion of that ray divine,
Which warm'd thy soul, and bid it rest on mine!
That I, like thee, may draw from nature's page,
A poet's joy, the profit of a sage;
Like thee, may seize with impulse deep and strong,
Those magic tints that charm the heart in song!
So that my verse a power like thine may claim,
To fire mankind with Friendship's noble flame,
And teach each heart what oft thou taught'st to mine,
That love of human kind is love divine!

Forgive my tears if for his loss they flow,
The first best friend I ever lost below.—
Long shall his flock with pious sorrow mourn
The day their pastor from their souls was torn:
No pert theatric orator was he,
Nor stuff'd with pride of stern austerity;

A learn'd divine, meek, simple, and sincere,
He preach'd as if he felt our souls were dear;
His style impressive, dignified and plain,
With pow'r to strengthen faith, and guilt restrain;
He strongly felt the truths he would impart,
And speaking from the heart, he touch'd the heart!
Each word inspir'd some conscience-stirring thought,
Or warm'd our souls within us while he taught.
No wealth, no grandeur, rank, nor fashion's pride,
Had charms to draw his steady mind aside;
With equal love his people he survey'd,
Nor knew distinction but what virtue made.
When pious fears the bosom would molest,
When pain or penury would probe the breast,
His sympathising aid was ever near,
To ease the anguish, and dispel the fear:
The troubled soul saw heaven-born Mercy shine,
And felt the solace of the word divine!

Such did he live, our blessing to the end,
Our guide, example, minister, and friend!
And when his Master bade his labours close,
Triumphant on salvation's wings he rose!
And like the seer who died on Pisgah's hill,
Though now he speaks no more, he teaches still;
Teaches from sin's alluring paths to fly,
To live like christians, and like saints to die!
His lov'd example fires each serious breast,
To live as virtuous, and to die as blest;
Makes bright religion pleasing to our eyes,
And fills our souls with ardour for the skies!

Thus ere yon golden orb that rules the day,
Withdraws from smiling earth his fading ray,
He lends a lustre to adorn the night,
And bids the gilded moon prolong the light:
She brightly sheds a glory not her own,
And light still lingers though its lord be gone!

How bright the royal heir of Israel's throne,
In thy blest cause, celestial Friendship! shone?
When wand'ring David on his aid relied,
He cast ambition's potent claims aside;
No selfish feelings in his breast contend,
He joys to lose his crown to save his friend!
With grief he sees his father's malice rise,
And to the persecuted hero flies,
And gives the faithful signal of alarm,
Which saves the brother of his soul from harm.

And all his love in fond remembrance kept,
For Jonathan, the bard of Judah wept,
Pour'd o'er his royal harp th' elegiac strain,
And mourn'd his dearest friend in battle slain.
And when misfortune overtook his race,
He sought, he found them, drew them from disgrace;
And long to scenes, endear'd in youth, awake,
Rewards the children for the father's sake.

O! what solicitude thy soul imprest,
What generous thirst of vengeance fir'd thy breast,
Thou highly favour'd of the Power divine,
Great patriarch! father of the Hebrew line!

When first the mournful tale was told to thee,
Of Siddim's fight, and Lot's captivity:
Although to fighting fields unus'd, unknown,
With sudden valour now thy spirit shone!
Though kings combin'd with hosts in long array,
A warlike train, were vanquish'd on that day;
Yet fearless thou the victors would'st pursue—
Thy warriors faithful, but their numbers few,
To stand or fall, in virtue's cause engage,
And warmly glow th' unequal war to wage,
Soon join the combat with heroic fire,
While friendship and revenge their souls inspire,
And soon compel their haughty foes to yield,
Who trembling fly the memorable field!
The plunder'd substance of thy friends again,
And thy lov'd Lot, and all his captive train,
Thus nobly rescu'd by affection's sword,
To home, to love, and friendship are restor'd.

How pleas'd the hero whom fair wisdom fires,
When toil is o'er to Friendship's vale retires!
Though for a while imperious duty claim
His deeds of valour on the fields of fame;
Though honour prompts him at his country's call,
O'er her proud foes to triumph or to fall;
And though victorious in her sacred cause,
He hears assembled thousands shout applause,
And with a grateful nation's blessing crown'd,
Sees wealth and honours all his deeds surround;
Yet still he feels a purer wish arise,
Than fame, or pow'r, or grandeur e'er supplies,

A wish to know, when all his labours close,
In Friendship's shade the sweetness of repose.

Thus Scipio, conq'ror of the Punic state,
Who crush'd his country's foes, and made her great,
When ardent Romans gathering round his car,
Bore him triumphant midst the spoils of war;
With zeal transported on that glorious day,
They wish'd to clothe him with a sov'reign's sway;
The generous hero felt his soul on flame,
Borne on the wings of triumph and of fame;
But victor o'er himself, as o'er his foes,
He check'd ambition's impulse as it rose;
To wisdom's whispering voice inclin'd his ear,
Thought of sweet peace, and Lelius ever dear;
And fled from glory's car to Friendship's dell,
With Lelius and philosophy to dwell;
Rejoic'd and happy that he had for them,
Rejected Rome's imperial diadem!

In youth, when wild tumultuous passions reign,
And lead the enraptur'd pair to Hymen's fane;
Ere cautious wisdom can perform her part,
To mark esteem presiding in the heart,
Soon as the transient gust of passion dies,
When cloying charms no longer please the eyes,
The lovely goddess that our fancy drew,
Becomes insipid, and our joys untrue!
If in the conformation of her mind,
We search in vain some pleasing charm to find,

The loves and graces that adorn'd her frame,
And fir'd the heart with unresisted flame,
May still shine forth as lovely and as bright;
But, ah! no rapture now attends the sight!
Our days pass slow and sad on life's dark stream,
Unblest by love, unbrighten'd by esteem.

But when the nuptial rite together binds
Two ardent hearts and corresponding minds;
When something more than passion's throb controls
The mutual admiration of their souls;
When in each other they enraptur'd find,
The grace of conduct, and the light of mind,
The lovely temper wisdom still attains,
The constant heart where fond affection reigns;
O! then, when youth and vigor shall decay,
When all external charms shall fade away,
The happy pair delighted, fond, and true,
Shall feel the sweets of love forever new,
Shall see, perhaps, an offspring bless their sight,
Good, like themselves, the source of new delight!
And, O! when generous feelings shall appear
To animate those infant bosoms dear,
What sweet emotions they shall feel the while,
And fondly watch each other as they smile!
Thus in their mutual love supremely blest,
They glide through life, and calmly sink to rest,
Their mortal parts to kindred dust return'd,
By virtue honour'd, and by friendship mourn'd!

Far from the world, retir'd to rural shades,
Where toilsome dissipation ne'er invades,
How blest the man whose peaceful days are spent,
In easy exercise, and calm content!

Who with the lark salutes the early dawn,
Breathes ruddy health from every breezy lawn,
And oft dispos'd to work the fruitful soil,
Feels dignity and pleasure in the toil!
How happy he, if in his bosom glows
A taste for social joy, and learn'd repose!
O! then each heart-felt pleasure to endear,
Let some belov'd and faithful friend be near,
With whom to search the bright instructive page,
And wisdom learn from many an honour'd sage,
Each noble art and science to explore,
Or trace the alluring charms of classic lore,
Shall bid his leisure hours delighted flow,
And wrest the sting from every ill below.

If to invention's pleasing pow'r resign'd,
Some useful project animates his mind,
Intent on what the public good requires,
Or Friendship's more endearing claim inspires,
The plan, how wise, how rational, how just,
Full many a time is o'er and o'er discuss'd:
Then shall his watchful friend, with cautious view,
Descry the path that prudence should pursue,
And show while *this* a useful end may gain,
That but an idle fancy of the brain!

Produce the taper at the twilight hour,
And yield the soul to Friendship's social pow'r;
Let mem'ry there her richest stores supply,
Of song or tale to bid the moments fly;
And though the wintry tempests rage the while,
Domestic legends shall the night beguile;
Or literary taste its charms impart,
To please the fancy and improve the heart;
Or disputation's friendly power delight,
Inform the mind, and set the judgment right.

Come thou, sweet Poetry! thou nymph divine,
And let us feel those thrilling charms of thine,
Which raise the soul terrestrial cares above,
To holy warmth, benevolence, and love!
Let Shakspeare's magic o'er the soul prevail,
Or yield a tear to Eloisa's tale;
Let Thomson's muse a patriot warmth impart,
Or sweetly flowing Goldsmith touch the heart;
Or on Miltonian wings ascend the skies,
To realms sublime, unseen by mortal eyes!
At heaven's bright throne, kneel, tremble and adore,
Or Eden's loss with sorrowing hearts deplore:
Or from the enriching philosophic strain
Of Cowper's verse, the wealth of wisdom gain;
Learn how to shape the devious course of life,
And blunt or bear its malice and its strife.
Let Scotia's peasant bard his numbers roll,
In warmth of heart, and dignity of soul;
And feel the independent throb divine,
That fires each thought and breathes in every line!

O! bring th' immortal bard of Gælic song,
Whose genius pours the torrent verse along,
And bids the tale of other times inspire
The heart with passion, and the soul with fire!
Fingal's great deeds excite th' heroic glow,
Who ne'er forsook his friend nor fled his foe!
But in each generous cause his might display'd,
Aveng'd th' oppress'd, and gave the needy aid!

Let Byron's lay in deep-ton'd pathos swell,
The stormy workings of the soul to tell;
And boldly spread before a wond'ring world,
Its vices broadly to the day unfurl'd!

Or should our LIVING BARDS your thoughts engage,
Whose varied strains delight th' admiring age.
Lo! FRIENDSHIP warms them with her noblest flame;
To aid each other in the walks of fame.
Delightful concord! holy love divine!
How blest and worthy of the sacred Nine!
What praise, what honours mark thy golden reign!
What lasting glory for the Muse's train!
Hark! from their harps enraptur'd measures flow,
As if heaven's minstrelsy were heard below!

Oh! hear romantic Scott recall the time,
When love was virtue, cowardice was crime;
The bard of chivalry, whose strains delight
To sing the beauteous maid, and charging knight,
With pride we see our valiant sires advance,
To storm the castle, or to break the lance!

What noble fires Fitz James's deeds awake!
How sweetly charms fair Ellen of the Lake!

Hark! Southey, master of the potent song,
That o'er th' imagination deep and strong,
With wild emotion pours its mighty flood,
And speaks the fierce Apostate's direful mood!
What awful scenes his magic verse displays,
Kehama's curse, and Roderic's vengeful days!

And hear Montgomery's pious strains impart,
The glow of virtue to the awaken'd heart.
Whether his lays Helvetian woes record,
When freedom sunk beneath the Gaulic sword;
Or touching Javan's softer lyre to move
The youthful mind, he turns it all to love;
He ne'er forgets the muse's noblest end,
To make us feel that virtue is our friend!

Or from th' impressive strains of Campbell know
How Hope's blest visions charm the fiercest wo.
When from the wretch each blessing disappears,
His friend she lingers still, and dries his tears!
Our hearts confess, as future joys unfold,
Sweet is the tale of Hope, and sweetly told!

Now let the bard whose song in Memory's praise,
Recalls the pleasures of our former days,
Declare his joys, who can in age renew
Those scenes that strongly blest, but swiftly flew!

Oh! if melodious Moore his harp has strung
To tones so sweet as ever poet sung,
If Erin's praise his ardent numbers tell,
Or love's own raptures in the measures swell,
Till warming beauty blushes in the strain,
And mantling pleasures o'er the senses reign;
Then from your soul all meaner cares disperse,
And riot in the luxury of verse!

Or let the muse of History relate
The world's long story, human nature's fate!
Mark bold ambition seize imperial sway,
While prostrate nations tremble and obey!
E'en feeble Xerxes holds the tyrant's rod,
With half mankind submissive to his nod.
Then mark how Freedom's spirit brightly glows,
And calls for mighty vengeance on her foes!
See Grecian virtue raise the standard high,
The proud invader and his millions fly;
For cloth'd in wrath when Freedom's sons appear,
Though few, they teach unnumber'd foes to fear;
The soul that fires them every danger braves,
Nor dreads a tyrant host compos'd of slaves!
Lo! Tarquin humbled! mighty Brutus see!
He grasps the sword that sets his country free;
Hark! the dread vows that Roman souls inflame,
That burst their country's chains, and stamp her fame!

Now let Brittania's glorious tale explain,
How great Eliza bade her rule the main;

And how the noble fire of Hampden shone,
When bound to earth he heard his country groan.
Swift at his call she bursts the inglorious chain,
And with resistless force is free again!
O! mark the wond'rous pow'rs of Chatham's soul,
That held ambitious Europe in control;
Corruption trembled at his virtuous frown,
And vanquish'd Bourbon lost the laurel crown.
See Burke! the prince of orators arise,
Grace in his gestures, lightning in his eyes;
He bears his audience on his eagle flight,
As boldly soaring to the source of light,
He grasps a ray to fire the dubious mind,
And bids prevailing truth instruct mankind,
Proud o'er the waves, see conq'ring Nelson sweep
Each hostile banner from the subject deep!
A num'rous band of heroes by his side,
The terror of the world, their country's pride!
Lo! Salamanca's field the wreath display,
O; dreadful Waterloo's more bloody day!
The mighty deeds by Erin's warrior done,
The scourge of tyrants, conq'ring Wellington!

But, O! what name in history's page so bright;
Whose story gives the world such pure delight!
As his, who in Columbian wilds afar,
Where sylvan nature courts the Western star,
With steady energy to battle led
Those patriot bands who bravely fought and bled,
And like their chief, had sworn by all on high,
To conquer in their country's cause or die!

What glory crowns fair Freedom's darling son,
The boast of men—immortal WASHINGTON!

When that blest day which gives the poor man rest,
The christian Sabbath, warms the pious breast;
When holy ardours animate the mind
To leave the sordid cares of earth behind,
The soul dispos'd to rise to themes sublime,
Of God, of Heaven, and never-ending time!
O! then with warm affections plac'd above,
How sweet to wander through the sacred grove,
Whose waving foliage shades the house of God,
And points the soul to her desir'd abode!
Ah! then let Friendship hear the heart unfold
The snares she 'scap'd, the passions she controll'd,
The firm belief that prompts her views on high,
The fears that check, the hopes that bid her try.

Should restless doubt the heav'nward prospect blind,
Or grim despondency o'erwhelm the mind,
Oh! then be Friendship's aid forever near,
To strengthen hope, and chase the pangs of fear.

Ingenious Cowper! o'er thy troubled soul,
Long time despair possess'd a stern control:
Thy spirit felt the fast consuming flame,
And daily sunk thy melancholy frame.
In vain the pow'r of healing art was tried,
Reason and pastime were in vain applied;
Vain were the charms of taste, the smiles of love,
Nought could the anguish of thy soul remove,

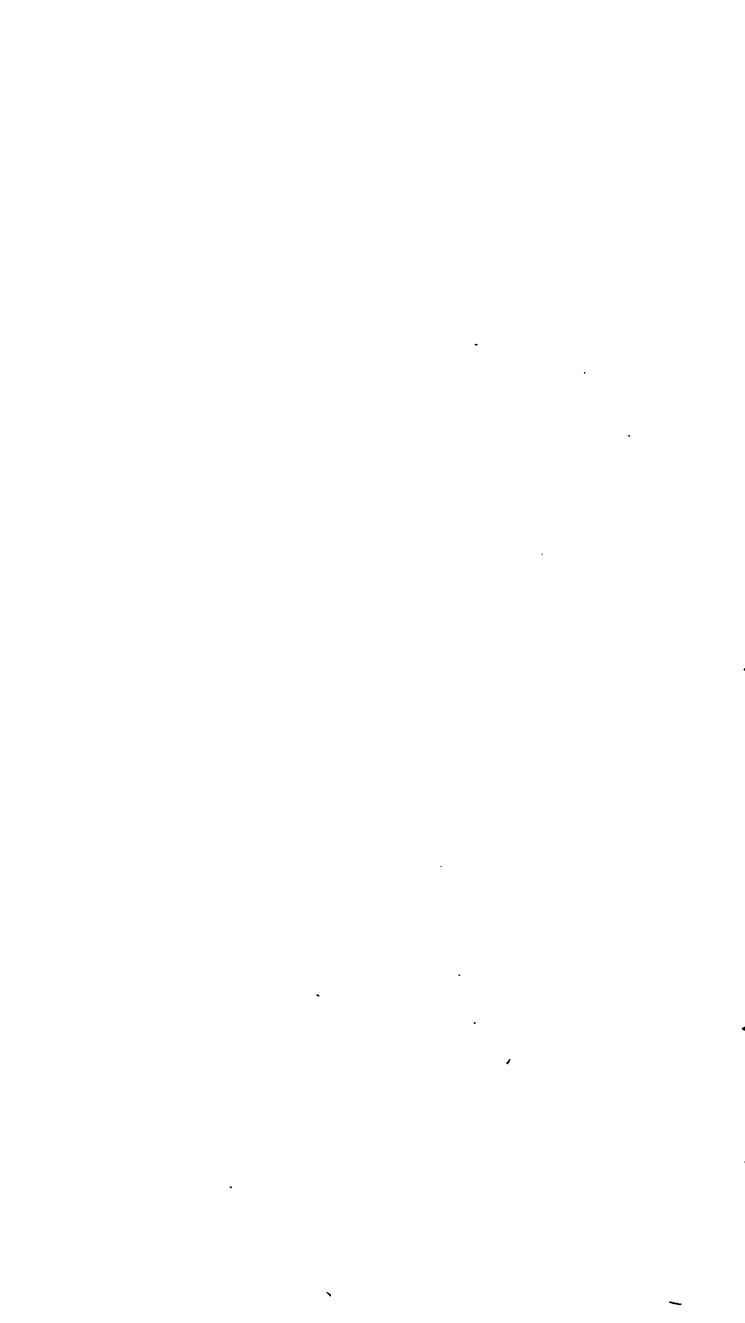
Till Friendship came in reverend Unwin's form,
Reliev'd the terror, and suppress'd the storm!
The cordial balm of confidence convey'd
Peace to the mind, and all its fears allay'd;
Renew'd the frame with health, and o'er the soul
Bade Reason's pow'r resume her just control.

Sire of Creation! when thy mighty call
Produc'd the heav'ns, and this terrestrial ball;
When heaving nature startled at thy word,
And living spirits first ador'd their Lord,
Th' eternal purpose mov'd within thy-breast,
To form the race of man beloved and blest;
And pure, and good, as heav'n's own seraph band,
Our race first issu'd from thy forming hand.
To guilt, and pain, and sorrow all unknown,
God was our shield, and Paradise our own!
In love's own bow'r th' ambrosial feast was spread,
And holy angels blest the nightly bed;
Refreshing streams with soothing murmurs flow,
Soft, whisp'ring gales with balmy fragrance blow;
The fruits, the flow'rs, the music of the grove,
Tell all is happiness, and all is love!

But soon the tempter bade our bosoms swell
With vain desires, we ventur'd and we fell!
In wretched state, how helpless then we lay
Beneath heaven's wrath, that flam'd in fierce array?
Could angels save us? could repentant tears
Arrest th' unsparing sword that justice bears?

Ah! no—in vain e'en Pity pleads our cause:
Can she appease heaven's violated laws!
Can seraph tears indemnity provide,
For heaven insulted, Deity defied!—
But mark how bright the eternal mercy shone!
The Heir of heav'n hath made our cause his own!
Almighty power is offer'd in our stead,
And sin, and death, and hell are captive led!
Heaven's boundless love has paid the debt we ow'd,
Restor'd our souls to happiness and God!
Our songs shall hence in grateful anthems rise,
To love Divine, and Friendship in the skies!

When all sublunar joys and griefs are o'er,
When Nature feels her latest pang no more;
When this fair world, and yonder orbs of fire,
Shall hear th' Almighty thunder and expire!
O! then, in realms where Hope's illusive ray,
Shall yield to joy's interminable day;
Where Mem'ry's power no feelings shall renew,
But such as spring from scenes of loveliest hue;
Where Fancy's visions never shall employ
One charm unmingled with the purest joy;
Blest Friendship ever unimpair'd shall dwell,
And with warm influence of celestial spell,
Divinely charm each sainted heart above,
And teach the sons of Heav'n immortal love!



AN ELEGY

Written at the grave of a rural poet, in the North of Ireland.

WHERE from yon hallow'd belfry's frowning height,
The misty moon looks through the rustling grove;
To woo the solemn shades of gloomy night,
Congenial with my troubled soul, I rove.

Beneath my feet the muttering Inver flows;
Maternal stream! in all my sorrows dear,
What balm thy sympathising plaint bestows,
To sooth the anguish of my grief severe!

How oft along thy solitary brink,
In musing melancholy mood I stray,
On pleasures past, and present woes to think,
Or with thy murmurs mix my plaintive lay!

How oft the owl, those sacred bowers among,
Dull brooding o'er each monumental stone,
Starts from her reverie to hear my song,
Pour'd wildly forth in sorrow's deepest tone!

Oh ye! who dwell within yon holy gloom,
Ye honoured ghosts of many a hoary sire,
Who now contemplate man's mysterious doom,
Wrapt in your viewless folds of blest attire!

How do ye love indulgent to survey
The swelling streams of generous passion roll;
Which, though they drive young ardor oft astray,
Are the first pledges of a noble soul!

But how with indignation do ye burn,
To view th' unfeeling proud, exulting throw
Those scornful shafts that make the worthy mourn,
And add a keener edge to human wo!

Lo! yon imploring wretch, the sport of fate,
Who oft has bled his country to defend,
Behold him spurned from guilty grandeur's gate,
Without relief, a shelter, or a friend!

Ye saints of mercy! say, is there no hand
To yield one comfort to the poor man's prayer?
Of all the wealth that crowns his native land,
Dare he not claim a share,—a little share?

But ah! the base ingratitude of man,
If aught can paint in colours justly strong,
His fate, who lies beneath yon marble, can,
Where fairy flowers collect, a fragrant throng!

Turn to yon hut the falling roof deserts,
There genius long her darling will deplore;
His country own'd him as a man of parts,
She own'd him such, but, ah! she did no more.

Yet, though his evil fortune frown unkind,
Nature beheld him with a fond regard;
With noblest feelings warm, endow'd his mind,
And stamp'd him at his birth, a favourite bard.

Here first she o'er his rude conceptions sway'd,
And by her glorious self his conduct steer'd;
Here first his infant eyes her charms survey'd,
And lovely in his eyes her charms appeared.

Oft by the margin of yon bank alone,
Upon his country's harp he sang her praise;
But sadness still respir'd from every tone,
For, ah! his country heeded not his lays.

Thus to the Indian shines the gem in vain,
The richest product of his native fields;
The tiger crushes with regardless strain,
The loveliest flower the sylvan desert yields!

And oft beneath yon hawthorn would he lie,
And watch the passing stream for many an hour;
Or gazing on the wide o'erarching sky,
Forget the scornful world, and all its power.

But soon, too soon, with rigid scorpion laws,
Would thought return to re-assert her throne;
For, ah! the want of merit's fair applause,
No bosom felt severer than his own.

Too well his soul each impulse quick obey'd,
Keen sensibility unnerved his frame;
And Melancholy, sweetly weeping maid,
Did all his warmth of strong devotion claim.

Now to the lonely wood or desert vale,
With lengthened strides he hurries o'er the plain;
And mutters to the wind his wayward tale,
Or chaunts abrupt a discontented strain.

“ Say! why did heaven, since partial is our fate,
To man his native dignity reveal?
Why give that tyrant to be rich and great,
And me this independent wish to feel?

“ But I submit; heaven cannot be in fault;—
And where the mighty triumph he obtains!
I would not change one independent thought,
For all the groveling tyrant's rich domains!

“ Ah! what to me though fortune's every grace,
Wealth, pleasure, power, and splendor on me shone,
Since Erin drives me from her dear embrace,
To waste in shades inglorious and unknown!

“ How leap’d my heart, as oft her harp I strung,
And dreamt of honours that she would bestow !
But disappointment stern the dart has flung,
That lays the fondest bard of Erin low.”

Now far above the world’s envenom’d sting,
Shade of the enthusiastic glow divine !
Permit a youth thy former woes to sing,
Whose fate, alas ! too much resembles thine !

And let me o’er thy consecrated stone,
Pour the sad tribute of a mournful breast,
That passing worth thy sorrows may bemoan,
And virgin tears embalm thy place of rest.

Though lowly here thy mould’ring frame decays,
Thy soul exalted lives beyond the skies ;
And though ungenerous men withheld their praise,
In heaven thou now enjoy’st a richer prize.

Too weak thy soul to combat with the world,
Too great to tread the servile walks of gain,
Thy little all was swift to ruin hurl’d,
But death soon snatched thee from contempt and pain.

Thou sought’st for nought on earth beyond renown,
To which the Muses prov’d thy title fair :
Whate’er thy faults, they ’re to the grave gone down,
And undisturbed oblivion holds them there.

AN ODE

To general La Fayette on his visiting the United States in 1824.

WELCOME great chieftain! Freedom's boast,
To Freedom's sacred land;
Welcome to an admiring host,
Whose grateful hearts expand
With joy to hail the warrior brave,
Whose arm was boldly stretched to save
Their country in her darkest hour,
When shrinking from th' oppressor's power,
She mourn'd the ruthless fate which seem'd to say
"Thy freedom soon expires, crush'd on its natal day."

Thy heart was gallant, young, and warm,
Thy sword was prompt and true,
And midst the battle's loud alarm,
Thy conq'ring banners flew;
'Twas freedom's cause thy soul inspir'd,
'Twas holy zeal thy bosom fir'd,
When strong thy generous wrath arose,
And rush'd with ruin on our foes.
How bright the glory then thy valour won,
A nation's gratitude, the love of WASHINGTON!

That sacred name, what thoughts of pride
Does it not yield to thee,
As oft thou think'st how side by side,
Ye won our liberty?
For us we never shall forget
To whom we owe the mighty debt!

And join'd with his immortal name,
 Thine living on the rolls of fame,
 Through every age admir'd and lov'd shall flow,
 And teach each generous heart with patriot warmth to glow.

Then welcome to the honours now
 Our grateful hearts prepare;
 The wreath to decorate thy brow,
 Is braided by the fair;
 And bards have wak'd each tuneful shell,
 To bid the songs of triumph swell;
 Ten thousand thousand hearts beat high,
 Throughout this land of liberty,
 To tell the list'ning world with loud acclaim,
 The glory that is due to FAYETTE's honour'd name.

TO MY FIRST LOVE.

O! thou, for whom my bosom swell'd,
 When first it knew the thrill of love,
 Whose mem'ry still shall dear be held,
 While in this breast one pulse shall move;
 Though fated now afar to rove,
 From all that once my life could bless,
 Exile and sorrow shall but prove
 To thee my heart's devotedness.

O! Anna, think'st thou time or place,
 Can ever change a love like mine?
 Can from my mem'ry e'er efface
 Charms there impress'd as deep as thine!

No; I may suffer and repine,
While round my head life's tempests roll;
To death itself I may resign,
But thou shalt triumph in my soul.

At twilight's tender hour of love,
That hour to my fond feelings dear,
By Inver's margin dost thou rove,
Where oft we pledged our vows sincere?
And think'st thou of the grief severe,
That bids thy hapless lover groan,
Without one joy his soul to cheer,
Save when he thinks of thee alone?

How sweet the throb of ardent joy,
Our raptur'd bosoms fondly knew,
When love would all our thoughts employ,
And nought but bliss our fancies drew!
We thought not then to bid adieu,
To love and joy on Inver's shore,
Nor felt the pang, when hearts so true,
Are doom'd to part to meet no more!

But time flew swift with light'ning speed,
And brought that pang upon his wing;
To joys divine, we felt succeed
Harsh disappointment's fiery sting.
Oh! then what love, what suffering,
We, at our last sad meeting felt!
Remembrance still the scene can bring,
To bid my troubl'd bosom melt.

ORIGINAL MELODIES. ^{song} _{indexed}

THE MAID OF TOBERGELL.

Tune, "The Blackbird."

ON Ballygally's summits wild,
The slowly-setting sun deplay'd,
The dewy lips of evening smil'd,
In nature's vernal charms array'd:
Soft fragrance scented every shade,
From every tree soft music fell,
While zephyrs wanton'd o'er the mead,
Fraught with the sweets of Tobergell.

As musing here I chanc'd to stray,
A lovely maiden caught my view,
To whom creation seem'd to say,
All these my beauties are for you!
The fragrant gale, the pearly dew,
The wild-bird notes with love that swell,
Each night their off'rings here renew,
To you, sweet maid of Tobergell!

She slowly trod the flow'ry lea,
Soft, modest beauty in her mien;
Oh! who could stand unmov'd to see,
So fair a nymph, and fair a scene!
My quick'ning pulse, and rapture keen,
Confess'd the charms that did impel
My very soul to tread the green,
With the sweet maid of Tobergell.

Not in the palace of the great,
The diamond blaze of lab'ring art,
Must we expect the happy seat,
Of scenes whose beauties reach the heart:
But feelings pure spontaneous start,
That raise the soul with mystic spell,
To taste what nature's sweets impart,
In scenes like these at Tobergell.

Give me a home 'midst bow'rs like these,
With such a maid as this to gain,
And health, and just enough of ease,
Sometimes to weave the rural strain:
Then bustling pomp, and grandeur vain,
Away! with me ye ne'er shall dwell,
For happy here I'll still remain,
With the sweet maid of Tobergell.

THE DRUID'S GROT.

Air, "Humours of Glen."

THE fierce summer heats have yon streamlet exhausted,
That sluggishly creeps through its channel unseen;
The green sap of life of its vigour is wasted,
And faded the bright gems that chequer the green;
The thirsty flocks hie to the fresh cooling fountain,
The mower extends his tir'd length on the mead;
And I'll to the Grot in the side of yon mountain,
Where Mary still flies when she seeks the cool shade!

A pure chrystal stream this dear Grotto encloses,
So sweet and refreshing, 'tis fit for my love;
All round it I've planted fair woodbines and roses,
And the arch'd roof with ivy is mantled above:
Some Druid of Erin of old here had founded
An altar to love, for on it were portray'd,
Two doves and two hearts that were mutually wounded,
And that oft here had met in the cool summer shade.

'Twas here one bright noon that my stars kindly drove me,
She lay, and all lovely in sleep she appear'd;
I slipp'd near and whisper'd—"Dear maid that I love thee,
I swear by *this altar* some Druid has rear'd."—
She, startling, awoke, and blush'd all in confusion,
To my bosom I clasped her, when, smiling, she said,
"Dear Patrick, I pardon your ardent intrusion,
For I heard your soft vow in the cool summer shade."

Since that, we still meet here when fierce heats are glowing,
And our flocks rest secure in the shade of the hill;
We taste all the joys from our pure raptures flowing,
And we sing of the Druid, the Grot, and the rill.
But the day that 's forever to join us, we've set it,
And on this blest altar our rites shall be paid,
For the throb we first felt here, we'll never forget it,
Nor the joys we oft own'd in the cool summer shade!

THE ISLE OF GREEN,

Tune, "Gramachree."

WHEN o'er the ocean's stormy scene,
Hard fortune bade me rove,
With tears I left the ISLE OF GREEN,
And all I e'er can love;
For scenes of joy I'll never find,
Like Erin's fields again;
Nor meet with hearts so true and kind,
As Irish breasts contain.

When on the deck I took my stand,
To view with anxious eye,
The fading tints of that dear land
Where all my fathers lie,
I sigh'd to think of many a friend,
There long and dearly lov'd,
Whose pray'rs for me shall oft ascend,
When I am far remov'd.

O! ye of tender hearts declare,
If ye the pang e'er knew,
Which parting friends are doom'd to bear,
How sad their last adieu!
If ye have felt your country sweet,
And must from her depart,
Think ye with aught on earth to meet,
Except a—broken heart!

When Erin's sons are forc'd to stray,
Far from their native shore,
In hours of grief, ah! well may they,
Their cruel fate deplore!
Well may they too, in hours of pride,
Boast that their birth was there,
For ocean rolls his ample tide,
Around no land so fair!

OFT AS BY FAIR OHIO'S SIDE.

Tune, "When bidden to the wake or fair."

OFT as by fair Ohio's side,
I court the solitary scene
Of hoary forests spreading wide,
Or prairies waving fresh and green,
From musing on the evening ray,
That gilds the glitt'ring landscape o'er,
On fancy's wings I fly away,
To Erin's sea-encircled shore.

There on the primrose cover'd vale,
By natal Inver's hallow'd stream,
Once more I breathe the scented gale,
That oft refresh'd my childhood's dream;
And sweet, in many a tuneful lay,
I hear the warblers of the grove,
Where, once as blithe in song as they,
I pour'd the rural strains of love.

In that fair hawthorn skirted plain,
Where youthful pleasures first I knew,
I meet my long lost friends again,
Forever lov'd, forever true!
And O! while rapture uncontroll'd
Bright glistens in their ardent eyes,
I to my glowing breast enfold,
The partners of my early joys!

Fair visions of celestial hue,
O! still possess with kindly spell,
This aching heart, which but for you,
Might bid all earthly joys farewell!
From warm affection's source divine,
Your ever blissful charms arise;
O! let that throb be ever mine,
Your rapture-giving smile supplies.

THE EXILE OF ERIN'S RETURN.

Tune, "Erin go bragh."

O'ER the hills of Slieve-Gallen, as homeward he wander'd,
The EXILE OF ERIN oft paus'd with delight,
To dear recollections his soul he surrender'd,
As each well-known object return'd to his sight:
Here was the brook oft he leap'd so light hearted,
Here was the bower where with love he first smarted,
And here was the old oak where, when he departed,
He carv'd his last farewell, 'twas Erin go bragh.

His heart wild was beating, when softly assail'd him
The sound of a harp—O! he listen'd with joy!
His quick'ning emotions, his visage reveal'd them,
And the fire of his country beam'd strong from his eye!
A sweet female voice soon the lov'd strains attended,
'Twas dear to his fond soul that o'er it suspended,
With each note the spirits of feeling ascended,
Sung soft to the accents of Erin go bragh.

"I once had a lover," thus ran the sweet numbers,
"Now doom'd far from me and his country to mourn;
"Perhaps in the cold bed of death e'en he slumbers—
"Ah! my soul, canst thou think he shall ever return!
"Yes, he shall—for he lives, and his past woes redressing,
"His country shall claim him with smiles and carressing,
"And lock'd in my arms, he'll pronounce her his blessing,
"That country which wrong'd him, his Erin go bragh.

- “ As a lamb he was meek, as a dove he was tender,
“ And form’d was his bosom for friendship and love,
“ But call’d by his country, still swift to defend her,
“ Undaunted and fierce as the eagle he’d move.
“ That ardor of passion for me that he pleaded,
“ By what female breast could it have been unheeded?
“ The love of his country alone could exceed it,
“ For still his first wish was for Erin go bragh!
- “ *This Harp*, on whose strings oft he rous’d each emotion,
“ Unrival’d the soft tones of feeling to draw,
“ He left me, the pledge of his heart’s true devotion,
“ And bade me oft strike it to Erin go bragh!
“ Oft I’ve dream’d that on *it*, as he sat in this bower,
“ He touch’d the sad tale of his exile with power,
“ Each soul-glowing patriot the strains did devour,
“ Struck full to the magic of Erin go bragh.
- “ But cease ye vain dreams! for at morn still I lose him,
“ And cease my false hopes, for my griefs must remain”—
“ No, they must not,” he cried, and he rush’d to her bosom—
“ Your Exile’s return’d to his Erin again!
“ Now fall’n are th’ oppressors that sought to destroy me,
“ Love, friendship, and Erin, shall henceforth employ me”—
“ ’Tis himself,” she exclaim’d, “ O! ye powr’s! ye o’erjoy me!
“ Then blest be my country, blest Erin go bragh!”

HOW SWEET THE EVE ON CURRAN'S SHORE.

Tune, "Mary's dream."

How sweet the eve on Curran's shore,
When golden Autumn paints the scene;
When shines the moon the landscape o'er,
In solemn majesty serene!
This is a beauteous time for those,
Whose hearts young love divinely warms,
Who joy, when nature in repose,
Arrays her in her fairest charms.

I love to stray mid scenes like these,
Where I may pour the plaintive strain,
That soothes a heart depriv'd of ease,
A heart like mine, that loves in vain!
O! ANNA! source of all my care,
Dare I my ardent passion tell?
Wilt thou not scorn, thou peerless fair,
To hear me say, I love so well?

Maid of the lovely rolling eye,
Maid of each grace that kindles love,
Oh! do not frown to hear me sigh,
Nor do my faithful flame reprove!
For should'st thou unpropitious be,
My griefs in secret shall remain,
Ah! never will I tell to thee,
What would thy hallow'd bosom pain.

But to fair Curran's strand I'll rove,
 While balmy evening lingers there;
 Fit time and place for hopeless love,
 To sooth the anguish of despair!
 There where the gath'ring billows roll,
 Unheard, unknown, I'll chant my wo,
 Until at length my harrass'd soul,
 This weary wasted frame forego!

OH! THE DAYS ARE LONG PAST, &c.

Tune, "Thy blue waves, O! Carron."

OH! the days are long past since the music of Erin,
 Delighted her sons in the mansions of kings,
 Since her chiefs in the joys of the festive board sharing,
 Were rous'd by the magic that flow'd from the strings!
 O! 'tis long since the patriot heart was affected,
 By strains that the deeds of our forefathers told;
 And long since the bard and the harp were respected,
 By Irishmen free, independent, and bold!

Our island long flourish'd the pride of the ocean,
 As the olive of Europe, she bloom'd in the west,
 And learning when chas'd by war's barb'rous commotion,
 In her shamrock-clad vales found protection and rest.
 Our bards then with rapture oft sang of her glory,
 While the harp sweetly sounding accompanied the strain;
 Each patriot heart fill'd with antiquity's story,
 Felt the warm pulse of gratitude throb in each vein!

But despis'd by the stranger, who felt not his numbers,
The bard is now sunk in obscurity's vale,
And the harp quite neglected, in deep silence slumbers,
Except when awaken'd to sorrow's sad tale:
But there is an ardor and strength in the spirit
Of Irishmen yet that shall bid them arise,
And the day brightly dawns when the bard shall inherit,
The praise of his country, his dearest of joys!

EARLY SCENES.

Tune, "The Lee Rig."

THAT spot of all the spacious earth,
Is sweetest to the feeling mind,
Where first affection had its birth,
And early ties the heart entwin'd:
For there the youthful fancy stray'd,
Mid raptur'd scenes without alloy,
And there th' impression strong was made,
Of ne'er-to-be-forgotten joy!

Is there a season fraught with bliss,
That can attach us here below?
The joyous dawn of life is this,
When love's first fires begin to glow;
For then if ills or fears invade,
The lightsome spirits bid them fly,
And then th' impression strong is made,
Of ne'er-to-be-forgotten joy.

In manhood's prime when cares assail,
As fame or fortune we pursue,
How oft our darling prospects fail,
While distant good but mocks the view!
O! then the cheerless heart to aid,
Remembrance of those days employ,
When first th' impression strong was made,
Of ne'er-to-be-forgotten joy.

And in the vale of hoary years,
When scarce a pulse the breast can warm,
And not a beauteous spot appears,
The dull remains of life to charm,
Then be young scenes again portray'd,
And bright shall beam the languid eye,
As when th' impression first was made,
Of ne'er-to-be-forgotten joy!

HOME.

Tune, " Coulin."

OH! the best spot on earth for delight to be found,
Is at home, where with joy our affection is crown'd;
Where the wife of our bosom still meets us with smiles,
And the mirth of our children each sorrow beguiles.

In the walks of ambition, with pow'r and with fame,
We may shine in full pomp, and establish a name,
But the flow'r of content in the soul will not bloom,
Unless it first springs from our comforts at Home.

When disease overtakes us, and wealth flies away,
When foes triumph o'er us, and flatt'ers betray,
Ah! where shall we find the true cordial of life,
But at home in th' endearments of children and wife!

Whenever my sum of contentment is low,
When a bankrupt in bliss, and embarrass'd with wo!
At home I still find in the charms that are there,
A fund that o'errepays, and discharges my care.

YE NATAL HILLS.

Tune, "Banks o' Doon."

YE natal hills! that softly throw
Around my soul a mystic charm,
Oft have ye seen the former joys,
That did my youthful bosom warm;
When blest with Ellen's lovely smiles,
I stray'd your verdant scenes among,
As blithe a youth as ever rais'd
On Irish plains the rural song.

Ye elms that crown yon river's brink,
Ye little warblers of their boughs,
Why look so fair, why sing so gay,
Ye witness'd Ellen's broken vows!
Ye saw her lovely blushes spread,
As round her breast I would entwine;
But now a happier swain enjoys,
Those dear delights that once were mine!

Ye blossom'd boughs and flowrets sweet,
Why spread your blooms so fresh and fair,
Ye mind me of my Ellen's charms,
When first she did my heart ensnare;
Ye mind me of the fickle maid,
Whose loss I ever must deplore,
For ah! those dear departed joys,
I'll never, never prove them more!

WASHINGTON'S NAME.

Tune, "Paddy Whack."

O! strong was the cement of patriot affection,
That these happy states in firm union allied;
Time only more closely shall draw the connexion,
Which traitors in vain shall attempt to divide.
The federal bond, as we ever have found it,
Prolific of blessings shall still be the same;
And heroes shall form a strong bulwark around it,
While their hearts glow with rapture at
Washington's name!

That heav'n-borrow'd standard, the symbol of union,
Each patriot citizen glories to view!
'Tis the badge that displays the illustrious communion
Of states independent, united, and true!
O! we'll never abandon the bright constellation,
That led us to victory, freedom, and fame:
But a rampart we'll form round the laws of our nation,
While our hearts glow with rapture at
Washington's name!

The sire of his country, how dearly he lov'd us,
A long life of patriot exertion can tell!
Then O! when he left us, it surely behov'd us,
To print on our hearts such a farther's "farewell."
That divine constitution he left as his blessing,
While virtue one spot in our bosoms can claim,
We'll defend, all our feuds and divisions suppressing,
At the heart-warming influence of
Washington's name!

LOVE'S SORROWS.

In the first dawn of youthful feeling,
How sweet the throb of love to cherish!
O'er every sense delighted stealing,
Its sorrows all at first concealing,
And nought but heav'nly charms revealing,
It sways us till we perish!

However fair to sight appearing,
The blissful vision is imparted,
Though lovely, tender, and endearing,
Bright'ning our joys, our sorrows cheering,
Some wayward fortune interfering,
May leave us broken hearted!

I thought that Ellen lov'd sincerely,
When first my young affections sought her,
Ah! she was fair, I lov'd her dearly;
I found her false, and grieve severely,
That she was but a *woman merely*,
When I an *angel* thought her!

Thus love on tender hearts imposes,
And thus his willing captives languish:
We think his path o'erspread with roses,
But thorns, alas! he soon discloses,
Till every hope his victim loses,
And fades away in anguish!

THE ROSE.

Tune, "O! gin my love were yon red rose!"

WHAT ardent joys my spirits prove,
To love's delightful raptures true,
When down yon smiling vale I rove,
Eliza's cottage in my view!

A rose of late had blossom'd there,
The sweetest rose I ever saw,
It look'd as from my lovely fair,
It did its peerless beauties draw.

Beneath a hawthorn shade I lay,
A shade that dear to lovers grows,
When to the rose she held her way,
Herself by far the loveliest rose.

It glitter'd with the evening dew,
She press'd it to her lips divine—
A sudden sigh my bosom drew,
Alas! that such a bliss were mine!

Let me remove that blossom fair,
And plant it in my bosom's cell—
Ah! no, 'twould sadly wither there,
And think Eliza loves it well!

But I those fragrant leaves will kiss,
Which with her fragrant lips she prest—
O! how 'twill be ecstatic bliss,
And how I'll boast I once was blest!

CAITHALORE

AN IRISH LEGENDARY TALE.

Melchira, the daughter of Caithalore, a chief of Ulster, was treacherously carried off by the king of Connaught, who wished to force her to his illegal embraces. She, however, succeeded in resisting him until her father, assembling his friends, effected her rescue, but was himself taken prisoner in the attempt. The sequel will be sufficiently gathered from the poem.

The powers of song inspiring boldness bring,
 And warm my soul of Caithalore to sing.
 As to the thirsty fields at noontide hour,
 With gentle lapse descends the summer shower;
 As to the midnight wand'rer far astray,
 Beam the first glances of the opening day,
 So dear to me is song's divine employ;
 The hero's praises are the poet's joy!

How dear the days, which are, alas! no more,
 When with thy friendship blest, my Caithalore!
 In warmth of youth together would we rove,
 And talk of honour, innocence, and love.
 From my remembrance never shall depart
 Those other times, deep-graven on my heart!
 Oft to my greenwood dwelling would'st thou stray,
 And spend the evening hour to hear my lay;
 Or mingling with the pastimes of the green,
 Did'st gain the victor's palm in every scene.

Still when Ultonia's sons of warlike pride,
In marshall'd ranks the coming foe defied,
Thy lifted spear shone radiant from afar,
A beam of terror in the front of war.
Stout were his heart who met thee on the field,
And strong his arm thou didst not force to yield;
Fierce as the storm that lays the forest low,
Thy wrath discharg'd destruction on the foe.

But Caithalore in glory's bosom bleeds,
Dire was the last and brightest of his deeds!
On Dola's plain, exulting to survey
His dauntless warriors in their firm array,
"Heroes!" he cried—"who love the battle's rage,
'Tis in a father's cause ye now engage.
Soon shall yon tyrant sink beneath your power,
As sinners sink in heaven's avenging hour.
Your swords shall break my captive daughter's chain,
And give Melchira to these arms again.
What though, my fellow warriors! ye be few,
Your cause is just, and all your hearts are true:
Yon numerous host shall but your souls inflame
For greater vengeance, and for greater fame.
Come on! the brave can danger's front defy,
We fight for justice, let us live or die!"

Swift through opposing ranks they hew'd their way,
Through pouring legions still maintained the day.
A victim's life they snatched at every blow,
And each unerring shaft transpiere'd a foe.

No spear had they fierce glittering to the sun,
But soon the dreadful work of death had done.
Lo! Caithalore, all stain'd with hostile blood,
Impels the battle in its direst mood.
Fate from his forceful arm conducts the lance,
And certain death obeys each fiery glance.
O'er slaughtered ranks he drives his rapid way,
And makes the souls of heroes feel dismay!
'Till chancing near, his daughter's tent to see,
He bursts its prison gate and sets her free.
The lovely charge five ready warriors gain,
And safe convey her to her native plain.

But this the last—this bright achievement o'er,
Th' exhausted hero sunk; he could no more.
His child ('twas all his wish) was safe from harm,
And for himself, he dared their vengeful arm.
In vain, alas! in vain his gallant few,
Pour'd round their chief, and charging legions slew.
The happier stars of guilt's unbounded sway,
Bore down the fortune of the doubtful day!
The wounded warrior dragg'd in captive plight,
Celestial virtue saw, and shunned the sight!

But, oh! what pangs Melchira's bosom tore,
When first she learn'd the fate her father bore.
How deep the sighs her gentle spirit gave,
For those who died her virgin fate to save!
How blest, ye shades! for whom those sighs she drew
The grateful tears of beauty flow for you!

With joy, ye hail, from midst your starry bowers,
The strains of lovely grief she sweetly pours.
“ Ah! when by fraud to Cona’s king betrayed,
When in his hands confined, a captive maid,
When with an artful tyrant’s power he strove
To bend my virtue to unlawful love;
Why did I rashly heave the fatal sigh,
That called my generous countrymen to die!
Why give those tears unguardedly to swell,
That have undone the sire I loved so well,
Fix’d to his life a sad precarious doom,
And bound him prisoner in his daughter’s room!
Where is the prize with beauty to be born?
Ah! why did female charms this face adorn,
To bring misfortune on my native vale,
And bid her maids her bravest sons bewail!”

Now to the savage soul of Cona’s king,
Deep pierc’d the points of guilty passion’s sting,
The maid’s escape who caus’d the glowing pain,
Had but increas’d the fire in every vein.
And thus to Caithalore of fearless mind,
Where in the dungeon cell he lay confin’d;
“ Thou chief! he said—thou father of the dame,
Whose matchless beauties all my breast inflame;
Thou know’st thy life dependent on our throne,
Yet as thou choosest, life or death’s thy own;
From off thy warlike hands we strike the chain,
And thou shalt cheer thy mourning friends again,
If to promote my wishes thou agree,
And bid thy lovely daughter favour me.

Her sire's commands I know she will revere,
For to her filial breast her sire is dear.
Tell her what honours to herself and friends,
How ev'n her father's life on her depends!
Speak now, and with these terms of life comply,
Or the first sun that dawns shall see thee die?"

With indignation stern the hero frown'd;
"Thou may'st insult"—he said—"this arm is bound!
But, tyrant! if at freedom on the plain,
My taintless honour would'st thou dare to stain?
Heavens! if thou dar'd, this arm's descending blow,
Would soon consign thee to thy fate below!
Abjur'd by virtue, and abhorr'd by fame,
To bid a father work his daughter's shame!
Think'st thou this breast, as villainous as thine,
Can yield unmanly to a base design!
Thy threats of death, which with contempt I hear,
'Tis but for little minds like thine to fear!
Death's direst form my bosom can defy,
And in the cause of virtue pants to die!
My daughter now from ruin, guilt and thee,
By heaven's protecting arm and mine set free,
Shall bless with tears the death her father bore,
And bards shall spread the fame of Caithalore."

Yes; glorious Martyr! Erin's bards shall swell
Their sweetest notes with joy, thy praise to tell;
And when thy spirit bending from the skies,
Shall smile to hear the hallow'd anthem rise,

Oh! then what rapture shall impel along
The affecting measures of their magic song,
Until it reach in pathos unconfined,
An ardor equal to the mighty mind,
And fire each breast that hears the loud acclaim,
With generous emulation of thy fame!

THE RURAL COT.

Long tossed by stern misfortune's wind,
Upon the world's tempestuous sea,
In this retreat at length I find,
A spot of sweet tranquillity.
The welcome of a heart sincere,
My long lost friend await you here,
Then hasten to my fond embrace,
So shall your woes and wand'rings cease
Within my rural cot of peace.

Between two hills whose tops are crown'd
With stately groves all clad in green,
Where parks and meadows smile around,
The little rural cot is seen.
There's not a bush around that grows,
But sweetest music from it flows.
Then hasten to my fond embrace,
So shall your woes and wand'rings cease,
Within my rural cot of peace.

My garden stor'd with fruits and flowers,
No spot on earth like this can please,
When vernal fragrance scents the bowers,
Or Autumn richly loads the trees.
What pomp of power, or splendid glare,
Can with these simple sweets compare!
Then hasten to my fond embrace,
So shall your woes and wand'rings cease,
Within my rural cot of peace.

Secure within this shelt'ring vale,
We'll drive all former cares away;
And slowly to the grave we'll steal,
Perceiving scarce the smooth decay.
Our blessing friendship while we live,
The highest boon this world can give,
Then hasten to my fond embrace,
So shall your woes and wand'rings cease,
Within my rural cot of peace.

A MONODY

On the death of the author's earliest and most confidential friend Mr Thos. Moore, of Larne, Ireland; who in September, 1819, fell a victim to Yellow Fever, at Charleston, S. C. after little more than two days illness.

In Carolina's fatal clime,
From whence fair health in terror flies;
Cut off in manhood's glowing prime,
My earliest friend now lowly lies!

No more his heart's warm throb shall rise
To beat in sympathy with mine!
For mute that voice, and clos'd those eyes,
I thought would cheer my life's decline!

Ah! what avail'd his verdant age,
The freshness of life's flowing spring!
No aid against fell fever's rage,
Could art or anxious friendship bring.
It deeply pierc'd with scorpion sting,
And health and life at once destroyed;
Oh! then he rose on heaven-ward wing
And left to me a dreary void!

Long had my heart esteem'd his worth;
Long his unchanging faith had tried:
In one lov'd vale we had our birth,
And hoped that there we should have died!
But o'er yon foaming ocean wide,
Fate called him from his native shore;
"Adieu, my friend!" he said and sigh'd,
"We part perhaps to meet no more!"*

Friend of my youth! thy words were true,
And deep they sunk into my heart;
The solemn tone of that adieu,
Its fears too truly did impart:

* It was in the autumn of 1817, that the separation here alluded to, took place. "When shall I see you again?" was the last question I addressed to my friend. "God only knows; *perhaps not in this world!*" was the emphatic reply, and we separated with heavy hearts; mine labouring under a melancholy presentiment that the words were ominous.

But while my tears of sorrow start,
Faith whispers yet of joys in store,
That where in glory now thou art,
We'll meet—though *here* we meet no more!

For thee, not Carolina's maids,
Like Erin's fair, in secret mourn!
Nor stranger's hands 'mid torrid glades,
With vernal flowers thy grave adorn!
Nor dews on bending shamrocks borne,
Their weeping lustre there display;
Nor linnets from their native thorn,
Sing softly o'er thy hallow'd clay!

Yet tribute shall to thee be paid,
In plaintive numbers, by thy friend;
And still to join thy sainted shade,
His dearest wishes shall ascend!
While to his strains thine ear shall bend,
Indulgent, as it oft hath done,
Till, all his sorrows at an end,
He wins the prize that thou hast won!

TO A FRIEND,

who wished for some verses in celebration of an intelligent young lady of
whom he was enamoured.

Dear William, since you so desire
That I once more should tune the lyre,
Of late untun'd so long,
Thy own Matilda's praise I'll tell,
And with her bright perfections swell
The measures of my song.

With joy I still recall that night,
When first she met my eager sight;
I thought not then to find,
Though high her worth you had portray'd,
So bright unparalleled a maid,
In manners and in mind!

Her looks my first attention caught;
They show'd a mind replete with thought,
Good natur'd, free and warm;
And when she spoke, the pleasing tone
Made every list'ning ear her own,
And we enjoy'd the charm.

Each sentence seem'd to flow unsought,
And flow'd with bright ideas fraught,
In elegance array'd;
Their stores the intellectual band,
Obedient brought at her command,
And lavished on the maid!

What signifies the boasted show,
That makes the haughty beauty glow,
If empty be the mind!
Let such in gaudy splendour roll,
Matilda boasts the charms of soul,
And leaves them far behind.

In vain, my friend, to eyes like thine,
Does all their useless gilding shine,
You love the better part;
The maid who has a taste refin'd,
The maid who has Matilda's mind,
Alone can charm your heart.

CUSH LA MA CHREE.

A SONG FROM THE IRISH.

By moonlight shades, as sad I stray'd,
Along yon flowery vale,
While fragrance sported through the air,
On every wanton gale;
With anxious heart I thought on her,
Whom I no more must see!
Adieu, adieu my only love, my Cush la ma chree!

The fairest maid on Ullin's shore,
Alas! too well I lov'd!
Long did I plead my ardent flame,
But, ah! she ne'er approv'd!

And hence to torrid climes I fly,
Climes less severe than she.—
Adieu, adieu, my only love, my Cush la ma chree.

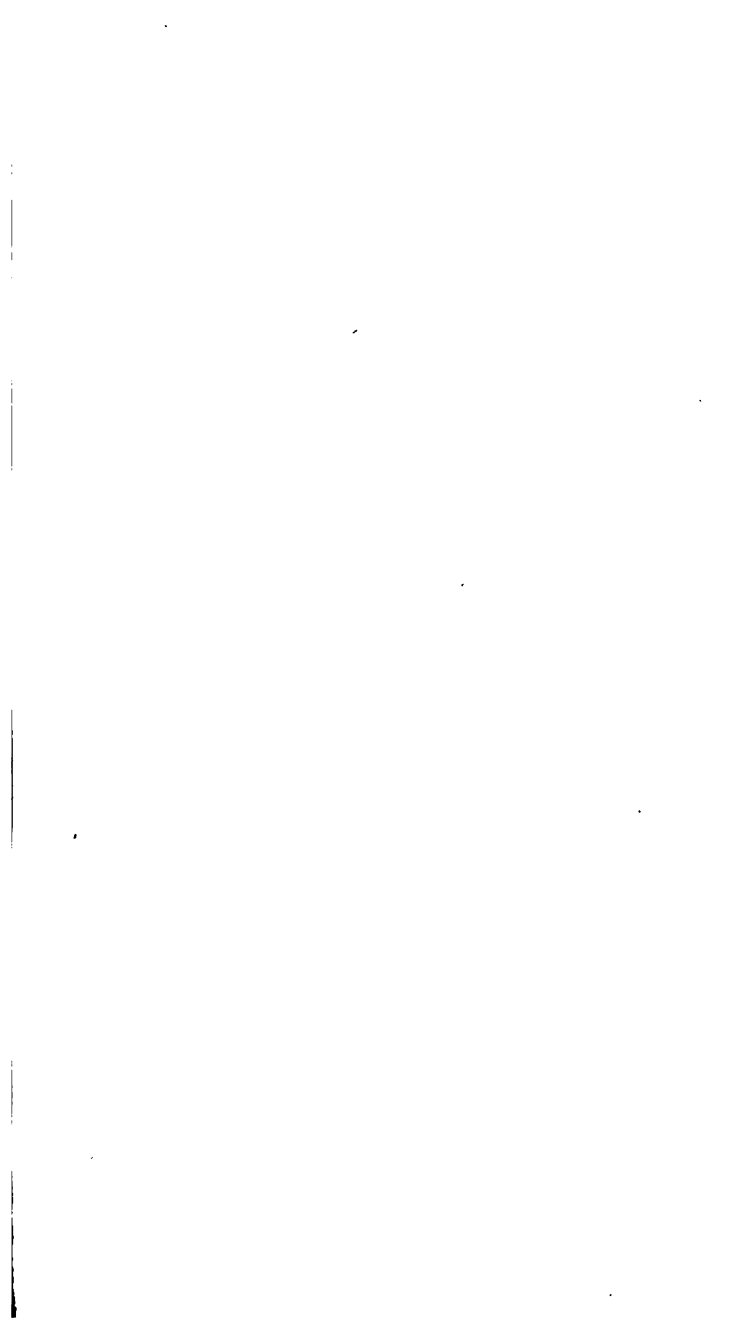
As on I stray'd, a tender voice,
Soft through the foliage stole;
I paus'd, for ah! the plaintive strains
Had seiz'd my very soul:
"He's gone, he's gone to sultry climes;
"The dearest youth to me!
"Adieu, adieu, my only love, my Cush la ma chree.

"'Twas first beneath these willow boughs,
"His love for me he told;
"Methinks that voice I yet can hear,
"That pleading form behold!
"Here then I'll mourn, and break my heart,
"Beneath this willow tree!
"Adieu, adieu my only love, my Cush la ma chree!"

Swift to her arms with bounding haste,
In rapture wild I flew.
"'Tis I! 'tis I! my life's delight!
"And dost thou love so true!
"With ling'ring steps, heaven kept me here,
"No more to part from thee!
"No, never more we'll part my love, my Cush la ma chree."

THE END.

Nf



Will

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